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## CAN DEMOCRACY SURVIVE OUR POLITICAL TRADITION?

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DEMOCRACY does not lend itself to any mathematical precision of definition. Today, more than ever perhaps, the word is hardly more than a political slogan, a power symbol, used to protect and promote special interests. And when the masses are aroused and conservatives become frightened, the tendency to pervert, abuse, and misuse democracy is especially marked. This may even be carried to the point of justifying democracy's natural foes—dictatorships themselves. In fact, we are living in an age when all governments, whatever their form or substance, claim to be democracies. This is standard practice among our own nostrum vendors. All are busily engaged in ferreting out some special enemy as they boldly assert their own peculiar claims to democracy's sanction.

But can political truth ever be the exclusive possession of any one man or any one party? For Justice Holmes the test of truth is the power of thought to get itself accepted in competition with alternative or conflicting social desires. If so, is not good (that is, equitable) policy more likely to result from conflict of interests and divergence of points of view? As Rousseau, the great apostle of democracy, observed: "If there were no different interests the common interest would be barely felt, as it would encounter no obstacles. All would go of its own accord and politics would cease to be an art." Some two hundred years ago Rousseau knew what is painfully apparent today, that there is far less art in the dictatorial practice of breaking heads than in the much more difficult democratic process of bringing differing views into constructive accord.

Nor can democracy's requirements be met merely by voting and

as decision by mathematical majorities. Nevertheless, majority rule is frequently confused, even identified, with democracy. When important matters are up for decision, professional politicians and propagandists are accustomed to observe (that is, if they enjoy majority support): "Why discuss the matter at all? The opposition constitutes only a small minority. What the majority wishes is clear. Let us proceed in the democratic way; let us take a vote." The spokesman may be more generous and say something to this effect: "If you want to go through with the formality of debate, you may, but what's the use? You know we have the majority."

Despite the prevalence of such notions, both ballot routine and majority rule are nothing more than technical devices of procedure which may mean something or nothing at all, depending on the atmosphere in which they are used. That is why democracy consists, above all, in attitude of mind, willingness to test preferred conclusions, a desire to hear the other side, and to be persuaded, as well as an endeavor to persuade. In a democracy the will of the majority must, it is true, eventually prevail, but the minority must always have and use the right freely to criticize and oppose. The liberty of the majority to govern is limited by this right to the minority to dissent, and to persuade others to join in their efforts to become the ruling majority. But the right of the minority to disagree and oppose is limited by the right of the majority to rule, as well as by the duty of the minority to accept that rule, in a peaceful and lawabiding spirit, so long as it is thus in operation. Any other theory makes it impossible for democracy to govern at all.

Of course there comes a time in the process of discussion when differences can be resolved only by action. The business of the opposition is to oppose as the saying goes, but the opposition must also be an alternative government ready and willing to pick up the reins and undertake execution of its own policies. This is essential, not only as affording salutary restraint on the existing government, but also for tempering the criticisms of opponents. Even then it will be found that for all the fire with which the opposition criticized every administration measure, the new government does not reverse all when it comes into power.

On the other hand, democracy is endangered by the inevitable tendency among rulers and administrators, as their tenure lengthens,

to become increasingly authoritarian. The longer one party continues in office, the more numerous the devices for "teaching" dissenting minorities how to be unanimous. Of course this is not the logical outcome of democracy. For if consent and unanimity are all that is wanted for government, there is plenty of experience not only in Italy and Germany and Russia but also from Puritan Massachusetts down to the administration of W. P. A.—all testifying to the innumerable ways in which consent can be securely achieved. With us the party in power does not, it is true, decapitate men courageous enough to dissent, but they find other ways of subordinating and discouraging opposition. Patronage is cut off, appropriations are denied, and sundry other methods employed.

So it is that democracy has ever been threatened, and never more so than now, by assaults on that very element in the political process on which popular government so vitally depends—an effective opposition free and unafraid. We, like the dictators, tend to confuse technique of popular rule with democracy itself. We tend to lose sight of the fact that what must prevail in any democracy is not so much the will of the people identified by a majority, or even by unanimous vote, but cool reason, weight of evidence, of argument, leading to judgments in which the minority can freely and willingly acquiesce. For this reason counter political parties must not be outlawed; the voices of political opposition, however small or seemingly insignificant, must not be silenced or even discouraged. The party which at the moment has received popular endorsement, however impressive, cannot properly presume that it has carte blanche to proceed head on, "now," without allowing time for discussion to run the length and breadth of the land. Unless decisions are reached in such an atmosphere of freedom there is little hope for orderly stable government. And obviously this achievement will depend far more on the spirit motivating democratic devices than on the devices themselves.

By 1920, when Lord Bryce wrote his *Modern Democracies*, popular government seemed destined to cover the earth. Citizens of free countries felt that they were in the van of political evolution, pointing the way to less fortunate peoples still arbitrarily ruled. True, there were occasional departures from the spirit of democracy—the Dreyfus Affair in France, perennial British intransigence in the administration of Indian affairs, repeated refusals of our own legislative bodies

to seat duly elected representatives merely because of political belief—but these were thought to be isolated, individual, insignificant for the future. In retrospect these and other similar occurrences take on meaning. What formerly seemed an eruption on our democracy now threatens us as a malignant growth, endangering the body politic itself.

For some time now, it has been customary to speak of democracy as on trial. But any way of getting along always is on trial. In the past, as in the future, successful functioning of the democratic process depends on its ability to meet the problems peculiar to the period. Many such challenges face us today. Our attention is confined to only two of these.

First: There is now, as always, the need of leadership to enable government to formulate comprehensively and carry out effectively concerted courses of action; and the need also for electing and organizing our lawmaking bodies so as to provide adequate support of and control over such leadership. The problem of government, as stated by the author of *Federalist* paper Number LI, confronts us no less sharply today: "In framing a government which is to be administered by men over men, the great difficulty lies in this: you must first enable the government to control the governed; and in the next oblige the government to control itself. A dependence on the people is, no doubt, the primary control on the government; but experience has taught mankind the necessity of auxiliary precautions."

Second: The democratic process cannot function today unless steps be taken promptly to eliminate economic disparities between individuals and groups. Let us consider these two challenges in the order stated.

Many who criticize democracy think of it as "mob rule," as leaderless government. When Edmund Burke trumpeted the excesses of French revolutionists and dismissed democracy as "the most shameless thing in the world," he was thinking of it in this sense only. A century later, when Sir Henry Maine broadcast a similar diatribe, he denounced democracy as government-minus-leadership. The Nazi-Fascist-Communist indictment but echoes these ancestral views; their doctrine builds on misconception. Democracy, more than any other form of government, means leadership—the leadership chosen, and replaceable, by the majority. The masses of men cannot



be self-directed except in this sense. Rousseau understood this: "How can a blind multitude, which often does not know what it wills because it rarely knows what is good for it, carry out for itself so great and . . . difficult an enterprise as a system of legislation?" Rousseau's question carries its own answer. The power that resides in the multitude must be released, and to do this is the function of leadership.

Democracies suffer characteristically and in varying degree from lack of directive authority. Now in our industrial civilization and amid continuing crises, competent, forceful and consistent leadership becomes especially necessary. Never before have we had to concert measures over areas so vast, apply laws to so many interests, require that the powers of government compose and adjust so many conflicting and antagonistic forces. Not least among reasons for the triumph and spread of dictatorship has been its ability to supply personal dominance, and thus to allay the ever-recurring conflict and turmoil characteristic of contemporary politics. Of all the practices and ways of liberal democracies the one which has, above all, brought them to to their present plight is the failure of leaders actually to do this—to lead. Witness the collapse of democratic France.

As to our second challenge: economic power and political privilege have always been the problem twins of modern society. But it was not until after the Industrial Revolution, the rise of factory production, the emergence of finance capitalism, that technology and the corporate form of business organization, as such, began to endanger liberty and democracy. The plain fact is that individual liberty has long been curtailed by the exploitive and submerging effects inseparable from modern economic power. Rousseau saw the reason for this nearly two centuries ago: "Between things disparate," he remarked, "there can be no relation." And Rousseau observed further: "It is precisely because the force of circumstances tends to destroy equality that the force of legislation should always tend to its maintenance." How can voters go to the polls as free men and participate as citizens in the processes of government unless they have such economic security and independence as will save them from being victimized by those who hold economic power over them? Political democracy cannot be built on the foundations of economic absolutism or even under circumstances of great disparities in economic power.

Economic inequalities threaten democracy today, and government action to remove these is necessary if it is to survive.

One justification for governmental interference is that it saves the individual from being overcome by other individuals more powerful than himself. In so far as government substitutes ordered and reasonable interference for the arbitrary and destructive interference of individuals, it increases freedom. The workman has more liberty under a law forbidding "Yellow Dog" contracts than he has when subject to the individual will of the employer; he has more real liberty through collective bargaining by a trade union than if he had to make his bargain for himself. Supreme Court judges have often expressed precisely this view of the employer-employee relationship, but it was not until the Jones-Laughlin case of 1937 that the Court took account of the fact that a workman's liberty can be interfered with not only by government but also by industrial corporations; that it is not enough for the law to recognize the right of collective bargaining; but that Congress also has constitutional authority—is in fact under obligation—to implement and safeguard that right by legislation such as the National Labor Relations Act. As Chief Justice Hughes then said, these issues must not be considered in an "intellectual vacuum."

As I see it, these are the main challenges confronting American democracy today. What is the prospect of meeting these needs within the existing framework of our political system? This question can be answered only by examining certain component parts of the tradition which underlies the working of our political system, and color our thinking about democracy.

No one catchword, as Professor Wright of Harvard has said, adequately defines our political tradition. It is not, strictly speaking, revolutionary, conservative, or even democratic. Individualism describes it only if one thinks of the term within quotation marks. Our tradition embodies two elements, seemingly contradictory, nevertheless finding a common taproot in individualism. The first element is distrust of government—yes—but more particularly of governors, of executives. All government officials, executives, administrators, legislators, are suspect among us, and rightly so. The Supreme Court expressed this theory succinctly in 1875: "Our government is opposed to the deposit of unlimited power anywhere." The not invariable

exception to this doctrine is such deposit of power with the judges themselves, the reason being that their power is generally regarded as negative, checking, protective. Nevertheless, our natural sensitiveness to unrestricted power, even in the judiciary, was aroused in Justice Stone's bosom by the Court's decision in the A. A. A. case. In a sharp dissent, he reminded his colleagues: "While unconstitutional exercise of power by the executive and legislative branches of the government is subject to judicial restraint, the only check upon our own exercise of power is our own sense of self-restraint." So when this restraining power of judges becomes positive, affecting the vital issues of the day, as during the administrations of Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, and the two Roosevelts, then they, too, fall under criticism as defying this all-important element in our tradition—distrust of governors as such.

Legalism, unwillingness among Americans to rely on political responsibility as adequate check on government, goes far toward explaining our most characteristic political devices: written constitutions and bills of rights; separation of powers, checks and balances; judicial review of legislative and administrative acts; federalism and State rights—all such devices are explainable and understandable only in terms of this element—distrust of power. These are, in fact, the "auxiliary precautions" which the author of *Federalist* paper Number LI had in mind as necessary "to oblige the government to control itself."

There have been in our history, to be sure, strong presidents, courageous governors, active and insurgent legislatures. Indeed, in time of war and warlike stresses we act as practical men. We no longer cling to our power—hampering tradition. The president is transformed into a dynamic steward of the people; governors and mayors become masterful managers of the people's business; all classes, even industrialists and financiers, then look to government for leadership, protection, and instruction. It is then recognized that government alone can provide the blueprint of action, and this is readily approved without much challenge or argument. But when the emergency has passed, the old tradition reasserts itself. We revert to the ingrained notion that "our government is opposed to the deposit of unlimited power anywhere." What are the prospects that this element in our tradition will survive against the continued ag-

grandizement of the Chief Executive growing out of economic depression and the problem of national defense?

The second element in our tradition is as basic and as ancient as the first, although to the mind of a few it is at odds with our distrust of government. It has been described as reformist or progressive. That is to say, our political thinking, though steeped in prejudice against, and dislike of, governors, shows also continuous adjustment between the forces making for reform and those reflecting the fears fixed in our politics. De Tocqueville saw, when he visited this country in 1835, that the desire for equality was inherent in American democracy. At any rate, distrust of government has not checked the steady growth of our democracy.

Thomas Jefferson, perhaps better than any other American (unless it was Louis D. Brandeis), embraced these seemingly contradictory elements within his philosophy. He subscribed, as we all know, to the principle of limited government, and strongly advocated a bill of rights for our Federal Constitution, and he also led the movement to abolish primogeniture and entail, and helped inaugurate our public school system. Many similar equalitarian measures are part of our tradition. The men who led in the reform movements of the last quarter of the nineteenth century were not turning their backs on what they had inherited from the fathers. Those who joined grangerism in the seventies, and campaigned to regulate the railroads and other public utilities as well as to control "big business," were not radicals bent on enacting socialism. They were small businessmen, farmers, day laborers, professional men, and property owners who saw their American equality, their liberty, their property, democracy itself, menaced and destroyed by the spread of monopolies and by the growth of concentrated power. These Americans wished to perpetuate the conditions under which our historic individualism and democracy had once flourished. These men were conservatives, not Socialists, native American, not foreign born. They valued property so highly that they wished to see it available to the independent entrepreneurs in their own neighborhood rather than monopolized and controlled by an absentee money trust. They sought the only true "American Way of Life." They viewed private enterprise not only as the instrument of private gain but also as a means of raising the individual to creative personality. All these men, like Thomas Jef-

ferson and Daniel Webster before him, understood the genius of American democracy, namely, that a system of private property widely distributed affords not only the best foundation for popular government but also the strongest safeguard against its decay. "A general equality of condition," Daniel Webster declared, "is the true basis, most certainly, of popular government." Thus when Jefferson led in abolishing Virginia's system of entail and primogeniture, he did so not to destroy the property of the few but to enlarge the opportunities of the many.

Both elements in our tradition—distrust and reformist—are dedicated fundamentally to individualism. Social and humanitarian legislation is not necessarily at war with our individualism. If government must interfere more frequently and at more points today than formerly, the reason is not that individualism is no longer an American watchword. Rather it is that we have passed to a subtler civilization in which there are barriers for privilege and against progress not known during the agrarian era. The individual needs to be secure not merely against arbitrary government; he must also be safeguarded against those modern economic forces that exploit him, dwarf his personality, and make him a thing.

In the course of this struggle to adapt and remold our policies to a more truly serviceable industrialism, two alien movements have emerged. Both would steal the livery of our American tradition; both profess adherence to individualism and democracy. Nevertheless, both are spurious. Reference is, of course, to socialism and communism, on the one hand, and to organizations such as the erstwhile American Liberty League, on the other. Neither of these has any considerable following; both are minority movements. Socialism as such has made little or no progress with us due to its singular misunderstanding of the old native American stock in our towns and country districts. The very classes—farmers and laborers—whose support Socialists elsewhere are most able to enlist, are with us the bitterest enemies of socialism. This is even truer as regards communism.

*Laissez faire* of finance capitalism is equally foreign to our political inheritance. These right-wing conservatives seem to think that liberty has no enemy other than the political; they ignore liberty's economic foes. These Tories do not understand that our individualism

cannot be preserved, maintained, and enlarged except by increasing governmental action.

Incidentally, one who studies the growth of our tradition will see that this *laissez-faire* dogma is relatively a newcomer in our political theology. It had, interestingly enough, no advocates among us of any consequence prior to about 1870. Before then our government, federal and state, had freely aided private enterprise in the development of natural resources and in other ways. As James Bryce remarked in 1888: "One-half the capitalists are occupied in preaching *laissez-faire* as regards railroad control, the other half in resisting it in railroad rate matters, in order to have their goods carried more cheaply, and in tariff matters, in order to protect industries threatened with foreign competition—yet they manage to hold well together." They saw eye to eye particularly well in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, when the enfranchised masses became conscious of political power and government began to regulate public utilities and big business. Lawyers and judges then invoked this confused doctrine of *laissez faire* and passed it off as individualism, as synonymous with the liberty which is guaranteed by our federal and state constitutions—in short, built *laissez faire* into the structure of the Constitution itself.

During the years since economic depression, and more particularly under our war economy, the first and perhaps the most tenacious element in our American tradition has suffered serious eclipse. The 1929 collapse caused a tremendous change in the psychology of millions. Men out of work, families with broken fortunes, merchants loaded with bad debts, professional people with shrinking incomes, stood in terror of they knew not what. The newly submerged masses began to desire passionately not opportunity so much as security. They turned with fanatic faith to government as men in another age amid pestilence and panic had turned to God. Franklin Roosevelt became the dramatized tribal deity of our distressed millions. He promised to make government mediate between man and adverse destiny. In his effort to deal with emergency President Roosevelt has sometimes taken action outside the prescription of law, and sometimes even against it.

Though one notes signs of reaction, executive power grows ever stronger and more concentrated. Even before the emergency had

passed, before we had entered the era of war economy, some among us began to consider ways and means of getting rid of the leader who had grappled courageously, but sometimes ineffectively, with problems which government alone is competent to handle. The not unfamiliar question was: "How are we going to get that man Roosevelt out of the White House?" For prominent citizens the problem was just as simple as that. They deluded themselves into thinking that if only Roosevelt could be shelved, we would have no further worries. Little do they realize that whoever is president, there will still be problems of industry, of finance, agriculture and housing, a host of social and humanitarian problems—which neither society nor government can possibly avoid, and these must be solved if our democracy is to endure. As the war years lengthen, these problems will become both more numerous and more urgent. This is not to decry informed criticism, but rather to suggest that attack be directed against improper use of power, not against power as such.

From the above discussion it should be clear that both the conservatives on the extreme right as well as their opponents who adorn the extreme left, take a view of our political tradition far too simple and partial. They reflect in their turn only one aspect and do that quite inadequately. The conservatives restate the fears of our fathers against overgovernment, stress the need for maintaining those "auxiliary precautions" against abuse of power so well understood by the Founding Fathers, but they give little evidence of understanding the desires and hopes which led to the revolution of 1776, the written constitution, and the reforms of later generations. They attempt to maintain the status quo, to confine our political traditions to a set of limitations upon all future growth; they confuse, and even identify, individualism with *laissez faire*. Extreme left-wing reformers likewise do less than credit to the richness of our tradition. They would lay the work of correcting all social and economic ills at the door of government, forgetting our agelong dislike and fear of government, whenever it appears feasible to get along without it. There is abundant evidence that neither right-wing conservatives nor left-wing radicals have glimpsed more than partially the richness and flexibility of our political tradition.

Democracy today needs to be on guard against any and all such class movements lest we suffer from ignorant change as well as from



ignorant opposition to change. Government, if democratic, must be used to serve society as a whole and must wield the power necessary to equate, balance, and harmonize antagonistic group interests within the United States today. For this our government needs, as never before, intelligent co-operation and persistent scrutiny on the part of all our people. Our citizens must see to it that there is no unreasonable destruction of valuable rights, vested or otherwise, either by government or by economic groups, and that political regulation and control actually do realize the ends sought.

Democracy exists only to the extent that politics is everybody's business, only as the people actively participate in its processes. And popular government can be successful and effective only as the people are informed. As J. T. Salter points out in his close study of Philadelphia politics: "The limit of the voters' attention is the limit of democracy." As to the second requirement, John Stuart Mill remarked: "Democracy stands or falls with the ability of the average citizen to make intelligent decisions in public affairs." But besides interest in and knowledge of public affairs, there must be an atmosphere and condition of freedom—freedom to differ and oppose, to think, to discuss, to change. The democrat knows that society is by nature dynamic; that popular institutions must be constantly adapted and remolded to meet new conditions. As Woodrow Wilson observed in 1893: "Democratic institutions are never done; they are like living tissue, always a-making. It is a strenuous thing, this living the life of a free people." This is why the true democrat recoils from such delusive finalities as Communism, Nazism, Fascism. It is also why not a few believers in democracy distrust Supreme Court decisions which in effect hold that the earth belongs more truly to our forefathers than to us. There is also the danger lest the Executive and those responsible for formulation and application of policy fix their gaze on definitive objectives, on utopian goals to be achieved. Too often, forgetting that in a democracy emphasis is more on method and less on ends, they tend to become impatient with the ways of popular government—elections of officials, congressional debates on public issues, etc. All such procedures are to them a weariness, perfunctory, for they impede action so often identified with progress. President Roosevelt, apparently, fell into this misconception on September 24, 1937, when he remarked: "I am not in love with any

particular methods, but I am in love with particular objectives. . . ." This fallacy, common to all social planners, shows that they conceive democracy as an end to be achieved rather than a process to be followed. The truth is that democracy has no fixed objectives unless it is the development of man through such participation and self-activity as democracy affords.

Democracy must now be an effective reality. Ability no less than the right to survive depends upon its capacity to meet the problems of society here and now. Self-appointed guardians of our liberties rarely understand this. They do not see that the right of our beloved institutions to endure is itself based on their ability to insure opportunities of ever-widening scope; that the few, irrespective of wealth and power, or feudal tradition, must make available to others their inherited or acquired advantages in order that they too may live more fully; that defense of our political and economic order is mockery unless the fruits thereof are more widely distributed; and finally, that resistance to change on the part of those who at any given moment occupy political office, or monopolize the advantages of the existing economic order, will be in vain unless they show greater inclination to understand the desires and hopes of other men.

The world crisis of 1941 makes clear what has heretofore been seen but vaguely or not at all—that frustration of democracy, neglect of the individual personality and his growth, of the social structure in which his life is set, has passed the danger point. Before popular government can resume its full stature, before its unconquerable spiritual force and power can be attained, we must put an end to unearned advantages, the implicit respect for authority, the lucrative privileges, so freely, heedlessly accorded to title, rank, precedence. Democracy is a co-operative endeavor; respect for personal validity is its cornerstone. Illogic lurks at its very heart and disaster must result unless every man, high and low, bears responsibility for maintaining government as an instrument of the general welfare.

## PLANTATION DAYS

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

WHEN ONE lives fifty miles off the railroad, in a country untouched by war since the Revolution, life is different; it has a certain evenness of flow that is akin to the movements of the tides, the marching of the stars. I do not mean that it is devoid of excitement. But its diversions are of a rustic and, often, an amusing, character. It is authentic life; but is not streamlined; and the voices one hears are not strained and raucous, but most likely to be attuned to the wind in the pines, the rain on the leaves.

One of the things that most frequently happens to me, here on my lonely plantation along the Santee, deep in the hinterlands north-east of Charleston, is my almost daily encounter with the superior psychology of the Negroes. After about seventy-five years of living and of pondering, a certain philosopher grandiloquently announced to the world that he had decided to accept the universe. Negroes accept it instinctively, from birth; that is one reason they get so much real joy out of life. Moreover, they are amply capable of thinking their way through the labyrinth that we call life. They are the most skilled psychologists known to me.

The power to fathom other people appears to me as much a gift as the power to paint a picture or to write a book; it is hardly the kind of thing that can be taught. With all deference to college courses in psychology, I doubt whether they teach much. As a race, plantation Negroes "see quite through the deeds of men." And they also see through the thoughts that motivate the deeds.

A friend of mine plants about a thousand acres of cotton. He employs a hundred Negroes. Not long ago he said to me: "I believe I'll have to change my Negroes every two or three years. They get on to me. They know everything about me, and I know nothing about them. They never mention my weaknesses; but they study them, and they always approach me from my defenseless side."

I understood him. For example, I have long known that a Negro is a genius in timing a touch for a loan. He will wait hours

and days until the psychological moment comes; and he recognizes the second of its arrival.

One December day, in the wild pinelands, a deer drive was coming my way. The Negro drivers were not two hundred yards in front of where I was standing on an old sandy road. Above the voices of the others I could distinguish that of William Keith, who, though unable to read and write, is nevertheless wise in the ways of life. The drivers were approaching through a dense tangle of sweet bay and pine. Suddenly I heard William yell as if he had discovered a still; and a moment later I heard something crashing in my direction. As soon as the buck hit the road, offering me a perfect chance, I shot him. I was not surprised to see him fall. What surprised me was to have William also leap into the road almost as soon as the stag was down. "Cap'n," he exclaimed breathlessly, "what a fine shot you is! Ain't you got a quarter for the man what drove him to you?"

He knew when to take me over. It was my moment of triumph. But what made it really masterly was the fact that William lost no time in getting to me. He wanted to be sure to catch me while my ardor was still high. He never would have asked me for money if I had missed, even though in that case, he would still have driven the stag to me. He caught me elated. An incident like this may appear insignificant; but it is like one of those little messengers who brings great news.

I have a friend who used to have on his plantation many Negro families. This man's fortunes declined; and one by one these families moved away. "I urged them to go," he told me. "And," he added, "let me tell you another thing: if a white man and a Negro are on the same place, and the white man has a dollar, the Negro will get it." Like all general statements, this one is not wholly true; yet there is truth in it. Moreover, it is a tribute to the Negro's psychology.

On the borders of my plantation there is a large Negro settlement; and the church is the center of social as well as religious activity. Not long ago a protracted revival was in progress. I was told that even little Mike, seven years old, and my youngest employee, was "seeking." That means that he was tending toward conversion. The visiting minister had come up from Charleston in a

somewhat battered old car. On the last evening of the revival I was delicately invited over, and I was glad to go. The emotional pitch was high; the singing of spirituals was otherworldly in its beauty. The service lasted and lasted. But an end had to come.

"My brothers and sisters," said the good minister, having said all he could, yet unwilling for the ceremonies to cease, "perhaps one of you would like to say something before this great revival comes to an end."

To my surprise Steve Boykin stood up. I had never thought of him as likely to unburden his soul in public.

"Preacher," he said, "I got something to tell you."

"And what is it, Brother Boykin?" he asked politely.

"Preacher, I got to tell you that your car has done got two flat tires."

The congregation rocked and reeled with laughter. The whole business was deflated. I do not yet know whether Steve said what he did out of an eager desire to be informative or just out of pure devilment.

This same Steve has a massive equanimity. He has an indefinite number of legitimate children; he does not call them by name, but groups them roughly into boys and girls. The story is told of him that one day when he was approaching his staggering little cabin, his wife rushed to the door, yelling and waving her apron.

"Steve! Steve!" she wailed, "a alligator done eat one of de chillun!"

"Mandy," said Steve with a gentle chiding for her forgetfulness, "ain't I done tole you week befo' last something been gettin' de chillun?"

Because of my remote situation, and the general unorganized scheme of life in this plantation country, it is difficult to make well-laid plans work out smoothly. For example, I had a mule but no wagon; and my Negro foreman, Prince Alston, hinted that his mode of transportation was incomplete. I therefore promised him a wagon to go with the mule.

During the summer months I do not live at Hampton, but in Spartanburg, near the mountains, two hundred and sixty miles away. I ordered the wagon from Spartanburg, from one of our great mail-order houses. Because of the fact that I had to get the wagon

shipped in Charleston, and there forwarded to the plantation, while I was in Spartanburg, I took more than unusual pains to explain in my order the exact method of shipment. I thought I had made all plain. But I had not.

I first received a letter from the main office saying that they were out of wagons. Then I received another from a branch office saying that a wagon had been shipped to Charleston. Then came a notice from the freight office in Spartanburg, telling me that the wagon had arrived there. By the time I had all these little roughnesses ironed out, four months had elapsed. But at last I had word that the wagon was actually on its way from Charleston to the plantation, and eagerly I awaited a joyful word from Prince that it had actually arrived at its destination. Word came, but it was not joyful.

"Dear Cap'n," wrote Prince, "the day before the wagon came, the mule died."

So I never did succeed in getting them together!

On a plantation like mine, animals die from many other causes than mere disease. Alligators catch some. Some are struck by venomous snakes. A good many, especially in early spring, when the first green springs in wet places, will wander into marshes, and bog down helplessly. Nor is their danger merely from being bogged. As soon as such a creature, whether horse or cow or mule, is thus rendered helpless, it is attacked by vultures, which tear out their eyes while they are still alive. These vultures also attack young stock. On more than one occasion I have had to rescue young pigs from being eaten by them. Once I came upon a heroic old sow that, with nine babies quaking under her ample sides, was standing at bay, ringed about by at least twenty of these black marauders. Blood had been drawn on both sides when I arrived; and there was a good deal more let when I saw what was going on.

Of the menace to stock of the bull alligator, much might be said. His life is one long career of murder. I caught one recently that had taken heavy toll of me for several years. I believe my manner of taking him might prove of some interest. He lived in the river right behind the house. I often had seen him, going down those yellow waters like a steamboat; and in his love season had heard him

literally make the earth tremble with his bass bellowings. To catch him I baited my line with an opossum.

You may talk about your brigands and your buccaneers, your highwaymen and your public enemies, but this brute I caught was more grim in aspect and more formidable in strength and ferocity than any human bandit. The line that held him when once he had been hooked was down under the murky waters of the Santee, as taut as a piano wire. Yet it took only a slight tug on it to make things happen. Out of those moiling and saffron depths suddenly rose a dragon of the prime, the old demon who for several seasons had been making way with my pigs and my calves, my deerhounds and my deer, my wood ducks, bream, and bass. This scaly submarine had been torpedoing the life out of the game on the plantation, and had given even more assiduous attention to the domestic creatures. At last I had him fast on a line of my own invention. I used a sea-bass hook on a dogchain, with two swivels, and a length of rope to do it. Shark-hooks had proved worthless, being entirely too big. The throat of one of these monsters is comparatively small; but when once a hook of even moderate size is swallowed, and the 'gator feels a tug at the line, old minotaur though he may be, he is compelled to obey that tug. Walking backward slowly up the riverbank, I literally led the awful old reptile out of his element. Accustomed as I had been to see only the ridge of his back, and the horny protuberances over his basilisk eyes, it was somewhat shocking to see him thus wholly revealed. Sullen, huge, ponderous, he came crawling out on the bank, his awful bulk affording me a perfect understanding why he had been regarded with terror by all living things along the river. To prove the dread in which he was justly held I may say that deer that are hard hunted in the winter often will swim the river just behind my house; but in the summer I have known a score of bucks to be run to the river at this point, only to double back into the woods. Was it not because this old brigand ranged, during the summer months, up and down that very stretch of the river? An old 'gator has a very limited range; but he unmercifully lords it over his own domain.

When I had this formidable brute out on dry land, feeling as if I were leading a brontosaurus, I had to finish him off with a rifle, bringing to an end a long misspent life. As is generally the case with



a big shark, it is always interesting to investigate an alligator's dinner pail in order to discover on what he has been feeding. This monster, measuring a few inches over fourteen feet, and massive in the body, revealed that he had eaten someone's deerhound; for I found in his stomach what was left of a leather collar and a brass name-plate. The most interesting object that this leviathan had swallowed was a rock, nearly round, and large as a big grapefruit. It had been polished to glassy smoothness, probably by the valiant but unavailing work that the digestive processes had done upon it.

I was not surprised at finding this curious object; in fact, I was prepared for it. For in my country alligators have a habit of swallowing, just before hibernation, some indigestible substance, possibly to keep digestion mildly stimulated during their long winter sleep. I have taken from alligators brickbats, the flinty-hard knots from pines, and once a small brass bell that a favorite cow of mine had worn! By the way, the rock in question had had a long journey; for it was a flint ballast rock, from Brandon, England, brought here by some stately sailing vessel of the long ago!

While I am really never afraid of an alligator, there is one creature in my home woods that inspires me with dread. Because he spends most of his time in his den underground, he is infrequently met; but an encounter with one of these chimeras is a matter for life-long remembrance. It is not that he is really so dangerous; rather is it because perhaps no other living thing carries with it more of the possibility of sudden death. I mean the great diamondback rattlesnake, the serpent terror of the Western world. Inferior to the South American bushmaster in extreme length, it is weightier; and I should say that if a man is fairly struck by one, he has little hope of recovery. This is because the amount of the venom delivered by a big diamondback has an almost instantaneously fatal effect. In my region he grows to a length exceeding nine feet, is sometimes more than a foot in circumference, and has a weight of nearly twenty pounds. He lives to a very great age. But his size, while impressive, is not really what "gets" the beholder; rather is it the sinister aspect of this serpent: all black and gold he gleams, ornate in his rich coloring; there is the broad and massive head; the grim jaws, articulated with the strength of steel; the chill pallor of thin contemptuous lips; the lambent gleams from glassy eyes of bloodshot topaz. His aspect is pa-

trician; but it is cold, and it is insolent with savage disdain. Not only birds and animals but man himself will, and justly, in this awful presence be "Distilled to jelly with the act of fear."

As is the case with many creatures of the natural world, the female diamondback is larger and much more dangerous than the male. I remember walking through my pinelands one day when, passing an old stump, I felt my foot strike something suspicious. It was a huge male rattler, but he lay there inert and unconcerned. While I was trying to steady my nerves, I heard, some thirty yards away, the arid song of death that a rattler in a savage mood makes his rattles sing. There was the female, heaped high in her ashen coil, warning me not to come nearer. These great reptiles always travel in pairs: if you find one, another is just ahead or just behind.

On a good many occasions I have solicited my Negroes to catch some of these great serpents for me. They are pathetically eager to try anything else I suggest, but their enthusiasm faints and falters over a proposition of this sort. Steve explained the whole matter when, after such a proposal from me, he said solemnly, "Cap'n, some things ain't meant to be ketched."

I say that these people readily fall in line with almost any plan I suggest; moreover, they take a childish delight in bringing my dreams to pass. If the story of Hampton is ever written, they must be given credit for being the real restorers.

One day, deep in the woods a mile from the house, I came upon a matchless dogwood tree: the shaft was six inches in diameter; it was about twenty-five feet high; its crown was as symmetrical as an opened umbrella; and at the time it was scarlet with foliage and red berries. I could also see thousands of buds in it. I thought, "No one will ever see it here. I must plant it close to the house." But of course I myself would be helpless toward the accomplishment of such a feat.

I went home, got Prince and Lewis, and together we returned to the tree, where I, in my usual unabashed manner of proposing the impossible, told them that we were going to take it to the yard. They made no comment, but at once began to appraise the task. Lewis eyed the height, the size, the near-by growths. Prince paced off the distance through a thicket to the nearest woodroad. Then telling me they would be back soon, they disappeared.

Within a half hour here came Prince, a huge old sled on his ample shoulders. Lewis brought two shovels; and trailing behind him came Arthur and Will, Joe and Lisbon, Matthew and Joe. Then came Alex Jones with his ox. Finally came a group of Negro women to laugh, to offer advice, to play one workman against another. You see, word had gone out by the mysterious plantation grapevine telegraph that something was doing; and nobody wanted to miss the proceedings.

A road was cut through the thicket; the lovely big tree was dug up with all its soil and root-system intact; it was lifted on the sled and tied down. Six men then undertook to support the heavy top. Alex was to handle the ox; and, indeed, he alone could do anything with that untamed brute. The ox had no low or second gear; consequently, when his master gave the word to move, he broke into a full incontinent gallop, while behind him raced the men holding up the tree. Farther back still shrilled the women. About every fifty yards a halt was made for breath. It was a strange procession we made coming up the plantation avenue. But we got the tree safely in. Darkness had fallen before we finally had it settled into position. And the jokes and the laughter and the jeering and the cheering are still ringing in my ears.

Without realizing that they are often wrong, these people regard me as of superior mentality; therefore they never raise any question about a task that I set. If I asked them to take out a live-oak, thirty feet in circumference and eight hundred years old, while they might silently wonder over my vagaries, they would go immediately and cheerfully to work. Indeed, their spirit goes far toward justifying that old adage, "The difficult is what can be done now; the impossible can be done soon."

During the Christmas holidays we had a big rise in the river. Wild game, flooded out of the big river swamps, appeared at my backdoors. Finally a Negro reported to me that he had seen a great wild boar rooting in the cornfield. As he dreaded the creature, but more especially because he was short of Christmas bacon, he implored me to organize a hunt for the boar. I agreed; and before the plantation house the mighty hunt assembled, in somewhat fearful yet in festive mood. There were about twenty Negro men and boys; and each one brought some kind of dog. Never in the history of the

world had been seen so motley a pack. They were indeed called dogs; but it required some reach of the imagination to relate some of them to the canine race. And when I considered their shaggy and formidably quarry, it required utter faith to make me believe that they could handle him. The dogs were of every color, size, and description; none had any social background. My only hope was that their very number might bewilder the boar so that he would come to bay. But at the brash outset the thing savored of assassination.

Repairing to the cornfield, we set the yelping menagerie on the track of the wild boar; and when I call him that, I do not mean merely a wild hog, but a huge and ferocious creature, utterly wild, savage, and implacable. With a crescendo of comical disharmony the pack streamed across an old ricefield, and forthwith joyously entered the darksome thickets of the old Negro graveyard. We followed as fast as we could, in the order, not of our natural speed but of our valor; and by the time we had gained the gloomy wood, the dogs had bayed their prey. Within a few minutes we came upon a very singular and dramatic scene. For the arena in which the boar had decided to make his stand he had chosen an open space under the moss-hung live-oaks, where generations of the graves of the humble family servitors lie thickly clustered. When we came up, a battle royal was in progress.

Two dogs were already dead; at least five others were so badly cut and mauled that they had withdrawn from the contest, and were now mere spectators, ruefully licking their wounds. The remaining curs had formed a ring, none too steadfast or too valiant; but they were making up in sound what they lacked in fury. In the center stood the boar, a monstrous old rogue out of the deep river-swamps. Long before I saw him his presence had been announced to me by his dreadful odor. Seeing him, I thought he literally radiated eager and foul brutality.

Peculiarly built, he looked like a giant hyena; for his foreshoulders were very high, and the line of his back descended sharply. All his ponderous strength appeared to be foreshortened into his head, neck, and chest. Continuously he champed his jaws, from which oozed foam tinged red. I do not know that I ever saw another wild creature with aspect more menacing. Nor was he the least dismayed when my men deployed in a circle about the dogs. This ring of

human beings was, I saw, more full of imminent flight than of any determined onset. Nor can anyone be blamed for not crowding a ruthless ruffian such as we had before us. Not wishing to prolong the shambles, I got my rifle into action. As soon as the boar was down, both Negroes and dogs stormed valiantly in; and soon, on a pole between four bearers, this old minotaur was borne in triumph to the Negro settlement, where there was great rejoicing. It lasted late into the night; and our great hunt was a theme of jest and jubilation throughout the holidays. I refused the offer of a huge ham, on the ground that I had plenty of venison; but my real reason was the wild and fetid stench of pork like that.

As far as observations of nature are concerned, I am most fortunately situated. This is the wilderness. Now I see wild turkeys delicately stealing out of the woods to join my tame ones; now I find a ten-point buck at my very doors, killed the night before in a savage duel with a rival; now myriads of clamoring mallards wake me up at night. But what really adds delight to the differentness of life here is the extraordinary variation in the types of people who visit Hampton. It is arduous sometimes to meet so many; but I would not for anything miss these wonderful human contacts.

Though I live a considerable distance inland, I have welcomed three admirals in a single day. Here I welcomed a Miss Alcott, "the last of the Little Women," she gently told me. Here comes a superb car with a South African license; and I am privileged to meet some officials from the DeBeers Diamond Mines. Here step from a car three people who have an air about them. And I meet Lord and Lady Ashley-Cooper and Lady Duff-Cooper. Now comes a wreck of an old car hiccupping up the avenue. Out pile some grizzled backwoodsmen, men out of Hell Hole Swamp, some of them my boyhood friends. They want me to go deer-hunting and bear-hunting with them. They are the Boones and the Crockets of our generation. Here comes Phineas McConnor, a Negro with a strain of Indian blood in him. He is the greatest wild turkey hunter in a region renowned for such men. Phineas tells me, with many a laugh and droll wink, that when my gobbler will not come close enough to my call, I must beat my boot sharply with my hat. "He will think two others are fighting," he says; "and he'll sho' come to see the fun."

Among those who visit me almost every day is Gabe Myers, my

ancient Negro friend, a man with whom I have hunted for fifty years. He is now eighty-two, but still strong, willing, full of fun, and possessed of the rare heroism of invincible good nature. I give him all the work I can. Handyman that he is, he can make for me innumerable articles out of hickory, ash, and oak that are of great use in this kind of pioneer life. When I have no work, he comes anyhow, walking three miles from his home; and he spends the day gossiping with my cook. Gabe's spirit sustains mine. If I live to be eighty-two, I hope I can then be as gallant as Gabe is now.

## CAN WE AMEND THE CONSTITUTION?

MALCOLM R. EISELEN

CONSTITUTIONAL controversy in the United States is nothing new. As long as most of us can remember, the nation's charter has been hailed by ardent partisans as the eternal Palladium of our Liberties and decried with equal vigor as the vestigial remnant of a Horse and Buggy Era. The late James M. Beck, within a single volume, has likened it to a Gothic cathedral, a floating dock, a flaming beacon, a temple of justice, a lighthouse, an anchor, a rudder, and a city of refuge. Undaunted by such amazing versatility, the revisionists have replied in kind. "An ox-cart," says one of them, "cannot do the work of an automobile truck, and an ox-cart does not cease to be an ox-cart when it is incorporated into the Constitution of the United States."

Nevertheless, as long as the controversy remained on the highly metaphorical basis of "Gothic cathedrals" and "ox-carts," the man in the street, who had probably never seen a specimen of either, was likely to be left entirely unmoved. It remained for President Roosevelt's startling message on judicial rejuvenation to make the Constitution a popular issue. Here was a concrete proposal, here was something the average voter could understand—or thought he could. Joyously, the country took up the gage of battle; while liberal contended against liberal, and the advocates of judicial review defied the proponents of judicial renewal. It was the best fight that the country had seen since the League of Nations. Editors thundered and viewed with alarm; radio orators urged their listeners to make their protests heard in Washington; and telegrams by the tens of thousands descended upon the defenseless heads of Congress.

The Supreme Court fight ended, as everyone knows, in something of a draw. President Roosevelt, it has been well said, lost the battle, but won the war. Through death and resignation, the New Dealers took over the Supreme Court, and as the judicial scales tilted to liberal construction, the constitutional question vanished from the front-page headlines.

It would be the height of folly, however, to assume that the con-



stitutional issues of the nineteen-thirties are dead and buried, never to arise again. Only a lavish use of the emergency war powers of the President is carrying the nation through the constitutional pitfalls of national defense. When, at some unpredictable date in the future, the headaches of war give way to the heartaches of reconstruction, we are likely to find history in one of her more repetitive moods. Again the need will arise for swift, nation-wide remedial action; and again effective action is likely to be hampered by a judiciary that, at least in the lower courts, is still mainly conservative in viewpoint. Admittedly, our Constitution as it stands, is equal to any of the hazards of war which may lie before our nation. There is serious question, however, whether it is similarly equal to the kind of disruptive peace which seems destined to follow that war. Constitutional inflexibility was a serious liability during the Great Depression; it is likely to be an even more serious liability in the greater depression which, unless all portents fail, appears to lie inevitably before us.

Is there not something that might be done now to cushion the impact of the post-war crisis? Indeed, there is. Mobility and flexibility are the current key to effective military operations; so, too, they are the key to effective government. Now is the time to strengthen our constitutional defenses against any possible emergency. The adoption now of one broad enabling amendment might mean the difference between national power and national impotence in the face of catastrophe. Consider the value in combating the unpredictable forces of post-war disintegration of such an amendment as this, which was proposed a few years ago by Dean Lloyd K. Garrison of the University of Wisconsin Law School: "Congress shall have power to promote the economic welfare of the United States by such laws as in its judgment are appropriate, and to delegate such power in whole or in part to the states. Existing state powers are not affected by this article, except as Congress may occupy a particular field."

The Garrison amendment, from the standpoint of sound draftsmanship, has many virtues. Gouverneur Morris, whose able pen drafted the original Constitution, would have admired its brevity; for brevity is the soul of constitutional wit. Alexander Hamilton, ardent champion of effective government, would have exulted in its superb sweep, its statesmanlike flexibility. Come what may, so long as the Constitution endures, such an amendment would never have

to be rewritten. It recognizes, moreover, that there is still a place for the states under a federal system; yet at the same time it obviates the constitutional growing pains which have been the curse of every federal government. It has every virtue, in short, save one. There is grave doubt whether any such amendment could survive the rigors of the amending process.

The proposal would first have to be approved by a two-thirds vote of both Senate and House of Representatives. Thanks to huge administration majorities in both houses, such approval is not impossible, but it is far from certain. There is many a Southern Democrat in Congress who is still a Jeffersonian at heart and who would hesitate long before signing this constitutional blank check, payable to the immortal memory of Alexander Hamilton.

Even if adopted by Congress, the amendment would then have to be ratified by thirty-six states; and it is here that the fatal blow would almost certainly fall. At this stage, the amendment's greatest virtue would become its most vulnerable weakness; for it tries to put altogether too many eggs in one constitutional basket. Every faction, every interest, every clique that has thrived or expects to thrive on governmental impotence would make common cause against it. All sorts of vague fears and nameless forebodings would be called from the vasty deep to defeat it. And in the end, the amendment would go down, as did the League of Nations, wrecked by the popular fear of the unknown. Some day, not many depressions hence, the American people may be ready to accept so far-reaching a change. But it must come, as came the original Constitution, "extorted from the grinding necessity of a reluctant people." Fortunately, such a necessity is not yet upon us.

There are, of course, other ways to achieve the same goal. If it is impractical to put all our eggs in one constitutional basket, we might try to provide individual containers. A series of separate amendments could be introduced, each confined to a single phase of governmental activity. One might deal, for instance, with the regulation of hours and wages; another with the control of natural resources; another with the direction of public utilities. The famous Bill of Rights, adopted in the first year of the new government, offers an interesting precedent for this "shotgun" method of amendment.

Theoretically, such a procedure would make it easier for indi-

vidual amendments to run the gauntlet of Congress and the several states. One wonders, however, if even then a really controversial proposal could survive the hazards of the amending process. The unhappy fate of the recent Child Labor amendment offers scant encouragement to the revisionist. Passed by a wide margin in both houses of Congress, endorsed by both political parties, acclaimed by social reformers everywhere, the Child Labor amendment was sent to the states in 1924. It has never come back.

The history of the Child Labor amendment should be made required reading for every present-day advocate of constitutional reform; for it shows what potent forces can be marshaled against any amendment affecting important economic interests. Businessmen fought the proposal directly through the National Manufacturers' Association and indirectly through such organizations as the Sentinels of the Republic, the Moderation League, the Women's Constitutional League, and the Woman Patriot Publishing Company. It was argued that the amendment would cause great expense, would set up a dread bureaucracy, would result in the breakdown of state power. Some of the arguments verged upon the fantastic. Credulous voters were told that the amendment had been promoted on direct orders from Moscow; that it was a plot to close the parochial schools; that it would prohibit all labor by those under eighteen years of age. "If that amendment had been adopted," wrote an opponent, "it would have added another hundred thousand to the horde of parasites that now burden the groaning taxpayer, because it would have sent a federal inspector not only into every mine, mill, factory, laundry, and store, but onto every farm and into every home inquiring whether the young people there helping their parents were under eighteen years of age, examining the family Bible and holding an inquisition in every home. No girl could have washed dishes in her mother's kitchen except according to the act of Congress in such case made and provided, and no boy could have milked his father's cow without first consulting a lawyer to see whether it was constitutional for him to milk that cow."

Fantastic or not, such arguments have proved very effective. Today, after seventeen years, Susie still washes the supper dishes, and Johnnie still does the chores, and Sally still tends a factory loom (she's engaged in intrastate commerce, you see), and the Child Labor

amendment is still far short of the necessary thirty-six ratifications. So long as the American people refuse to sanction so simple and humanitarian an amendment, what other grant of regulatory power will stand much chance for speedy adoption?

There remains one other possible method of constitutional revision; but this may be dismissed in a few words. The Constitution provides that a federal convention to propose constitutional amendments must be called whenever requested by two thirds of the state legislatures. Even were public sentiment favorable to such a convention—and it most decidedly is not—this method is entirely out of the present question. That any thirty-two state legislatures would solemnly call a constitutional convention for the purpose of curbing their own powers quite transcends the wildest flights of political fancy.

Thus by every path, the revisionist is confronted by the grim realities of Article V. The amending process, once described by Chief Justice John Marshall as "cumbrous and unwieldy," is not easily set in motion. We are probably farther than most of us realize from any real changes in the letter of the Constitution.

If this analysis is correct, is it not time for those of us who favor constitutional revision to put an end to the present unproductive sham battle? Perhaps we have been putting the cart before the horse, or, to use our own favorite metaphor, the cart before the ox. Might it not be sounder strategy to turn our revisionist zeal to the amending clause itself and work for a less cumbersome method of amendment? Then, with the amending process made simpler, the other changes could follow when and as needed. Article V has sometimes been called the safety valve of the Constitution. Perhaps when the post-war depression breaks, we will wish that we had taken the trouble to oil the safety valve.

It ought not to be, one hastens to add, a partisan question. It is true that a Democratic administration would be the immediate beneficiary of a less cumbersome amending process. New Deals, however, have never been the exclusive property of the Democratic party. Abraham Lincoln once sponsored one of rather imposing proportions, and so did Theodore Roosevelt. Of the nine amendments adopted since the Civil War, no less than seven were initiated under Republican presidents. The amending process which is sauce for the Democratic goose today may be sauce for the Republican gander tomorrow.

This is not a question, therefore, to be settled on any narrow partisan grounds.

There is little doubt that the Constitution has in practice proved much more difficult to amend than the Fathers anticipated. They thought they were adopting an amending process which, in the words of James Madison, would guard "equally against that extreme facility which would render the Constitution too mutable; and that extreme difficulty which might perpetuate its discovered faults." They would be surprised to learn that the Constitution has actually been amended only twenty-one times in one hundred and fifty-two years; that there has been one period of forty-three years, another of sixty-one years, without any amendment whatever. They would be horrified to find that a "discovered fault," such as the electoral college, still persists a century after the date of discovery. They might even have hesitated to launch so daring a governmental experiment had they known, as we now know, that the process of amendment would prove a matter not of years but of decades.

Each of the six amendments adopted in the last generation was the labored product of a long-continued agitation. Eighteen years elapsed between the first proposal of an income tax amendment and its ultimate adoption. The amendment for the popular election of Senators was introduced in Congress almost two hundred times over a period of eighty-seven years. The Eighteenth Amendment was the product of forty-three years of serious discussion, and it would not have come then, if its opponents are to be believed, had it not been for the upheaval of the World War. It required fifty-four years of agitation in Congress to write woman suffrage into the fundamental charter. A "lame duck" amendment was proposed as early as 1795, but nothing was actually done about it until 1933. The repeal amendment, it is true, moved with unwonted celerity—only fourteen years from first introduction to final passage—but the reason is that we were so very, very thirsty.

Unfortunately, the state of the Union no longer moves to the leisurely tempo which allowed us to tolerate so slow an agency of constitutional growth. It is true, of course, that the amendment of organic law ought never to be undertaken lightly. It ought to be more difficult to amend the Federal Constitution than to amend that of a single state. The nation's charter should be guarded against

that popular whim and caprice which would make of it a mere statute book. We are told of a French bookseller of the Second Empire who was approached with the query, "Have you a copy of the French Constitution?" The reply was, "We do not deal in periodical literature." Certainly, no one would wish to put the Constitution of the United States on so ephemeral a basis.

Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that our amending process could be made much easier without throwing open the door to capricious change and reckless innovation. It is significant that the fathers of the Southern Confederacy, rewriting the Constitution of the United States in the light of actual experience, deemed it wise to provide a less arduous method of both initiation and ratification. It is worthy of note that the new Philippine Constitution, drafted on the American model and under American supervision, while retaining a stiff requirement for initiation, provides a much simpler method of ratification. It might be well for us, in this one respect at least, to emulate our emulators.

No one needs to be told these days that we are facing a troubled future. At home, the swing of the economic pendulum seems to be growing swifter and wider; the forces of social instability appear to be accelerating. Abroad, the wrath of the totalitarians falls with dreadful unpredictability alike upon the just and the unjust. In such a world, flexibility is the essence of constitutional durability. When the next and greater crisis comes, there will be real need for a more feasible method of amendment. No president, whatever his political philosophy, will stand by with folded hands while the nation crashes. Either we will be able to grant him the powers he needs by lawful amendment, or he will assume them by unlawful usurpation. The latter is a tendency that ought never to be encouraged. Too many of today's dictators have climbed into their present power over the ruins of an impotent constitutionalism.

Easier amendment should also greatly relieve the legislative perplexities of Congress. During the regime of the "Nine Old Men" laws had to be framed with one eye on the needs of the country and the other on the sensibilities of the Supreme Court. All too often, sound legislative principles had to yield to constitutional expediency in the drafting of important statutes. It was necessary to torture legislation into strange and uncandid forms; to omit the wise and insert

the dubious; to attempt by clumsy indirection what might otherwise have been done with simple directness. Such legislative evasions, while inevitable under the circumstances, are to be deplored. To restore farm relief under the label of soil conservation may have resolved an impossible situation, but it was not conducive to legislative integrity. To sell electric power under the guise of aiding navigation may have appeased the judiciary, but it did not foster respect for constitutional government.

It is the Supreme Court, however, which would be the greatest beneficiary of an easier amending process. After all, we are making an impossible demand upon our judiciary. We have handed them what is essentially an eighteenth-century document and asked them by some legal legerdemain to make it read like this morning's headlines. Then when they have failed to achieve the impossible, we have rewarded them with harsh aspersions of judicial senility.

Theodore Roosevelt, once asked whether a proposed income tax law was constitutional, is said to have replied, "It would depend upon whether a judge of the Supreme Court came down heads or tails." Unfortunately, the constitutional issues which are likely to confront post-war America will be too vital to be left to any such casual arbitrament. But neither should we go to the other extreme and take away from the judiciary all power to pass on the constitutionality of statutes. So long as we have a written constitution, it will have to be interpreted by someone; and the courts, controlling neither the purse nor the sword, are least likely to abuse the power.

The solution might better be sought in an easier process of amendment. Then, when the courts stand in the path of essential legislation, the sovereign people will have practicable redress. There will then be no need to regard the courts in some future emergency as an insurmountable barrier to social amelioration. Most of the recent constitutional controversies have arisen when some outworn provision of the nation's charter has bumped up against some present-day reality. Once the people are given effective power to sweep away these outworn provisions, the question of judicial review will have ceased to be a serious issue.

If a written constitution is long to retain the respect of its people, it ought to be amendable at any time by the matured and considered will of the majority. It is a source of weakness and not of strength



that the Constitution of the United States cannot be so amended; that no simple majority, however persistent, can set in motion the ponderous machinery of Article V. Difficulty of amendment is sometimes defended as a bulwark against the tyranny of the majority; but it is far more likely to end in a yet greater evil, the tyranny of the minority. "A changeless constitution," it has been well said, "becomes the protector not only of vested rights but of vested wrongs."

The purpose of easier amendment is not to tear down the structure erected by the Fathers, but to give durability to their handiwork. Human institutions, even written ones, cannot stand still; they must progress or they must perish. A constitution that cannot be bent will soon be broken; a framework that is too rigid carries within it the seeds of its dissolution. No catastrophe could befall the nation's charter so great as the attempt, through misguided patriotism, to freeze it into eternal rigidity. Long ago, Francis Bacon admonished: "He that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils; for time is the greatest innovator; and if time of course alters things to the worse and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?"

The twentieth century has placed upon us problems such as the Founding Fathers never envisaged. We must find a way to fit the harsh realities of the totalitarian challenge into the pattern of our ancient liberties. We must write new formulas and seek new solutions; we must dare greatly and hazard much. Perhaps we should face the adventure with stouter hearts if ready at hand there lay a workable method of constitutional revision.

## WALTER SCOTT, MARK TWAIN, AND THE CIVIL WAR

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THERE IS A curious charge made by Mark Twain that Walter Scott was the "sustainer of maudlin Middle-Age romanticism . . . in the midst of the plainest and sturdiest and infinitely greatest and worthiest of all the centuries the world has seen," an indictment which would be of relative insignificance were it not added a chapter or two later: "Sir Walter had so large a hand in making Southern character, as it existed before the war, that he is in great measure responsible for the war. . . . The Southerner of the American Revolution owned slaves; so did the Southerner of the Civil War; but the former resembles the latter as an Englishman resembles a Frenchman. The change of character can be traced rather more easily to Sir Walter's influence than to that of any other thing or person." This from Mark Twain is bad enough; though when we remember his absurd belief in progress, as revealed in his letter to Walt Whitman, we register doubt as to his prophetic powers. As an historian Twain is suspect, but from his passage in *Life on the Mississippi* so many literary critics have drawn inspiration that his remarks take on an adventitious interest they would not otherwise possess.

Mark Twain's criticism, moreover, has been echoed by half a dozen followers, most insistent among whom has been H. J. Eckenrode, who eighteen years ago accused Scott of turning the South away from sound Jeffersonianism in the direction of a caste system of distinct aristocratic leanings, thus leading Southerners to turn their backs upon democracy in the direction of a beneficent feudalism which, in its clash with Northern industrialism, led to the Civil War.

Eckenrode's argument has been pretty well disposed of already, but a word or two may be added. For proof it depended upon the claim that in 1795 the planters of Virginia were wildly Jacobin and in 1825 aristocratic. This may be denied. Close study of the 1790's quickly brings one to the realization that the reaction to things French had set in throughout America by 1794, largely because of the ap-

palling toll of deaths by guillotine; and there is grave doubt if the planters were exceptions to a reaction that was thoroughgoing, particularly in the light of the fact that the Federalists won out in the Virginia elections of 1795!

Eckenrode's contention is refuted, moreover, by his own phrases in his *Life of Jefferson Davis*. Let them stand without further comment:

The rank and file of democrats were not true to democracy even if the high priests were. The farmers who cursed monarchy in 1776 and derided Christianity in 1793 were comfortable planters in 1800. They had acres and slaves and they wanted aristocracy. . . . The Nordic instinct for mastery was arising out of democracy itself.

Besides, all the forces of the external world were rallying against democracy. Europe, half mad with equalitarianism in 1794, had swung far back the other way a decade later. The rights of man perished in 1815 in the smoke of Waterloo. . . . In the United States, the North did not feel this reaction, because of the economic revolution that was displacing merchant and landowner in favor of manufacturer, but the South came under its full spell. Jacobinism, atheism, equalitarianism withered like Jonah's gourd. From 1794 to 1820 was a far cry indeed.

But even if Eckenrode's arguments are without adequate proof and uncertain in their time elements, what are we to say of Edward J. Ingle, of A. J. Morrison, John Trotwood Moore, and others who iterate the same charges? They are too numerous to be taken up individually, but their arguments group themselves under four heads which may be successively examined: (1) that Scott abetted, through his imaginative pictures, the military ardor of the South; (2) that he was responsible for the formation of Southern ante-bellum character; (3) that he led the South from democratic to aristocratic beliefs; (4) that love of a feudal way of living which they acquired in his pages led planters to a defense of slavery and finally to arms in the attempt to preserve the institution. These charges need to be examined, though to discuss them fully would call for a stout volume or two. With them stands or falls the criticism of Scott's novels as a great social force in the South. It will be sufficient for the purpose of this examination if such negative evidence as may be advanced casts doubt upon the validity of charges which have stood so long unchallenged.

One of the most superficial and yet current deductions from the place of Scott in the Southern reading world is that the host of knights and contestants, noble ladies, and caparisoned steeds that moved under the *Ivanhoe* banner on the tournament field encouraged the military spirit in the South and rendered it quick to take fire in the civil discord of 1861. Bruce and Eckenrode hint at such a charge, and others more than hint it. Such a contention could be true only if it were possible to establish Scott's responsibility for the tournament in the Old South, of which conclusion (Landrum, Crooks, Dodd, and others notwithstanding) there is reasonable doubt. I have elsewhere examined, somewhat at length, the question of Scott's novelistic activities as a possible cause for the development in America of tournament competition. Chief objection to the theory is the fact that the ante-bellum tournament was not a medieval joust or tourney, with bloody fields and an imposing list of casualties, as described in *Ivanhoe*, but a ring tilt—in the Middle Ages reserved for squires, not knights—and as such very properly excluded from Scott's knightly tale. Confusion on this point has come about from ignorance about chivalric exercises, such as might have been clarified by two minutes' reading in Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*. The Scott theory is weakened, moreover, by the fact that the first recorded tournament in the United States was not held until twenty years after *Ivanhoe* and even then quite probably owed its inspiration to the Eglintoun tournament in Scotland (1839). Two such events seem in 1840 to have followed the Scottish affair, one at the Gilmore estate and a second at Fauquier Springs. Warrenton, Virginia, where annual tilts were thereafter held, became the center of a revival. By 1848 other health resorts took up the growingly popular entertainment and soon riders were active at Capon Springs, Jordan Springs, Huguenot Springs, Orkney Springs, and elsewhere. The tournament thus did not originate in the spontaneous enthusiasm of a romantic people hungering after bygone glories, discovered in leisure-time reading, but was prompted by a love of formal splendor in celebrations or resulted from the commercial interests of watering-place corporations who thus advertised and drew large crowds to their establishments.

But if argument were waived on the matter of the origin of the ring tournament, an embarrassing amount of evidence might still be

advanced to prove Scott's responsibility for the pageantry of the tournament, even though the exercises themselves could not be traced to any pattern in his pages. There is much to be said for this argument, for the names of knights were frequently drawn from Scott; the orators who addressed the winners were not free from romantic excesses, and his name frequently punctuated their rhetorical flourishes. But it is claiming too much to place sole responsibility for the enrichment which the tournament received, by way of Queens of Love and Beauty and chivalric passages, upon the shoulders of Scott. There were other causes than his works for the popularization of the tournament in America and for the ready acceptance which it met.

Scott was himself an effect as well as a cause of the revival in chivalric ideals, and the Southern interest in things feudal was well sustained by several publications which preceded his works or ran competition with them. Five English editions of Froissart were published between 1800 and 1813, some of which must have reached Southern homes where books were ordered direct from London. Strutt was published in 1801, and between 1815 and 1820 Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* appeared in three editions. A *Life of Bayard* appeared in 1825, and in 1826 Mill's *History of Chivalry*. A *Froissart and His Times and Stories from Froissart* appeared in 1832. And there were several London and New York editions of the *Chronicles of Froissart* in the forties.

Aside from *Ivanhoe* there were references to tournaments, too. Hall's *Chronicle* mentions or describes no less than twenty-three jousts or tourneys for the reign of Henry VIII alone, including one in the ninth year in which five hundred and six spears were broken. This work might have become known through the 1809 edition. Full-fledged descriptions there were too, fully reported in American newspapers, of tournaments at Namur in 1828 and Vienna in 1829. Such accounts included graphic details about riding at the quintain, turk's heads, riding at the ring, manœuvring, etc.

Works in the Arthurian revival presented added pictures of knights and knightly exercises, but more revelatory were the novels of G. P. R. James, who began to make an impression after 1828 and whose works, from *Richelieu* on, had a substantial sale. At least a dozen of his novels deal with the period of chivalry, and some of them, such as *Darnley* and *Philip Augustus*, describe jousts and tour-

neys. Above all, his *History of Chivalry* (1831), published in the "Harper's Family Library," makes James's record a potentially imposing one for affecting the temper of the South. Though James's influence is open to the same objections as that of Scott, still the point here advanced is that it potentially rivaled the effect of *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman*.

But even if argument on these matters were waived, there would still be controversy over the interpretation to be given it. Miss Landrum, who fondly held that the tournament in the South derived from Scott, still felt that "this delightful mimicry of an age long past could not have influenced thought and feeling to an important degree." Such a statement prompts a return to the original charge, the question of the alleged military influence of the tournament. Comments in this connection have not always been discriminating. To listen to the romantic nonsense of some writers, one would suppose that there was more fieriness to the Southern tournament than that imparted by keen competition. True, the occasional "charge" of a tournament orator may have led to such a belief, but, in reality, nothing about the tournament could be construed as military save in the broad sense that any horsemanship is cavalry training, and any athletic contest a preparation for soldiers' discipline. Is it not much sounder to conclude that, since the tournament was purely an equine game, it was not only popular on account of the romantic reading of *Ivanhoe*, but also because, as Hanson Hiss claimed, the pride in expert horsemanship was a contributing cause in its enjoyment.

Of course, the spirit of rivalry was present in the Southern tilting, but the spirit of combat certainly was lacking. If the regular scheduling of tournaments in Maryland and Virginia in the two decades before the Civil War proves anything, it proves, as did the gander-pulling in Georgia, that Southern men, high and low, loved horses and horsemanship. Any further deduction is hazardous.

Let the argument of military spirit linger for a moment upon the history of Southern cavalry. The Southern lad was early mounted on horseback. Scarcely had he got rid of his bib and tuckers, declared Hundley, "before we find him mounted on horseback." At five he rode well. At the foxhunt or the visit to the neighbors he was in the saddle. If his estate was a large one, the supervision of it on horseback was no easy task and provided almost continuous employment.

From such exercise came equestrian training that cannot be ignored; and in the Civil War itself, a part of the adventure and excitement which cavalry life afforded was such as had always been associated with horsemanship. As P. A. Bruce declared: "The universal love of the horse in the South, and its constant use for recreation or display, was also promotive of the military spirit. As from childhood almost every boy knew how to shoot a gun, so from the time he had the length of leg to bestride a saddle he was able to ride." There is the added fact that, with the rural population, the *muster days*, solely as convivial occasions, if no other, were long the most important of Southern institutions, and that no annual exercises on the tilting field, even if they were martial in character, could compare with them in fostering a military spirit. And, in further reinforcement of this point, military ardor might have been brought about by a third factor cited by Bruce, but frequently overlooked: "Another influence which more directly encouraged the military spirit arose from the fact that the people of the South, owing to their possession of the same economic and social system from the earliest colonial times, only slightly changed by the adoption of a Republican form of government, were more keenly conscious of the traditions, customs, and habits of the historic past than the inhabitants of other parts of the Union, where there had been a vast industrial growth, a great accumulation of wealth, and a large addition of foreign citizens." The chivalric spirit accounts for much, but certainly too much responsibility has been saddled upon it.

The second of these charges is at once the most inclusive and most important, for it implies that Scott's novels were responsible for Southern psychology before the war and for the Southern cultural pattern. It is possible, by way of approach to the problem, to take the position of J. T. Carpenter and others, that the South was a dominant minority from the very beginning of American nationality, a stand which, if properly supported, would obviate further argument as to Scott's cultural effects. Without pausing to enter into the merits of this question, we may raise a broader one to which a partial answer may be given: What part did Scott have in making the South a distinctive area? A reply to this question involves a consideration of the popularity of Scott's novels in the South and their cultural effects.



It may be admitted at the outset that Scott was exceedingly popular in the South. Harpers sent quantities of Waverly novels to the Southern States, and the bookshelves of Southern homes were rarely without their set of these historical tales. Southern novelists, too, Caruthers, Kennedy, Simms, followed in a general way (after a large formula) the pattern afforded by Scott; and some of them, like Caruthers, substituted Virginia cavaliers for Scott's aristocrats, and Appalachian mountaineers for Highlanders. After these writers the historical romance became a marked survival, for the historical romance never really died in Virginia.

But if there is any real validity to the argument that Scott exercised a baneful effect upon the South, it must be demonstrated that the South took its Scott unduly to heart, and that he was not equally popular in the North and West. No such evidence has ever been adduced, nor is it likely that such a contention can be established. Carey and Lea, of Philadelphia, were just as industrious in supplying a Northern and Western market as any house shipping to the South, and there is every reason to believe that the Connor and Cooke and the J. H. Parker editions of Scott had their greatest sale in New England. Early publishers vied with each other in supplying a widespread market. It is to be doubted whether there was any more superstitious fondness for Scott in Southern regions than elsewhere. If his popularity lingered on longer there, it was because in its rural reaches the newest fads in fiction were not so quickly adopted nor the old so soon laid aside.

One must also raise the question as to whether or not Scott had literary rivals in the Old South who may have contributed to the literary atmosphere which he is alleged to have created. Southern addiction to Byron, set forth in Leonard's *Byron and Byronism in America* (with the names of Henry Wilde, E. C. Holland, and H. S. Legaré), advances such rivalry; and a search into old Southern journals, such as Grace Landrum some time ago engaged in, furthers the idea of such competition.

Byron and Bulwer have been the leading names cited in this connection, but there was also the very real presence of G. P. R. James, resident for some time in the city of Richmond, who had an enormous sale in America: Harpers' records showed that on the average one of his books topped the sale of any other work published by

the house by seven thousand. The importance of such vogue may not be clear until we recall that James was a more assiduous medievalist than Scott, on the strength of upwards of a dozen novels, and that he was generally recognized as such.

But Scott's greatest literary rival in the South, as W. E. Dodd admitted, was Carlyle. Thomas Craven, who has seen many old Southern homes, has found Carlyle in as many libraries and represented by as many volumes as Scott. G. P. R. James and Bulwer advanced to a reading public nurtured by the Waverleys, but Carlyle made his appeal neither through fiction nor sentiment but through his thought, for the reason that he fitted into the ideas of Southern planters, expressed what they were telling themselves of the "saving remnant" in society, the aristocratic ideal or the solid English squire tradition in politics. Leading Southerners had been committed to an aristocratic ideal ever since the Revolutionary War, after which event the patriot sequestrators quickly took on the characteristics of the Tory Cavaliers they had displaced. Can we not account for Scott's popularity in the South, therefore, on the same ground as that of his literary competitor Carlyle, the energizing force of a tradition which made its appeal for the very reason, as W. E. Dodd asserted, that he suited their taste and braced their social system?

In measuring the effect of Scott's work, apart from that of his competitors, let us even grant that the romantic sensibilities of the Old South were quickened by the Waverleys. Scott was writing romance not history, and had none of the naturalist's urge to present the corruption and cruelty of the Middle Ages or to glimpse the licentious power of the barons and the feudal vassalage of the people. The Middle Ages, with its isolated castles, its impassable roads, its murderous highways, its squalor and its vice, was probably as dreary a period as history affords us a glimpse of, yet to the nineteenth century the beauties of fiction, descriptive of a feudal world, were invigorating, fascinating. In the chivalric world was inspiration; and if the purgatory of physical and mental discomfort was too great, readers might pass by a magic wand into the paradise of physical, mental, and spiritual joy.

Scott, who achieved the proper retrospective view and made appeal as a romancer of the Middle Ages, undoubtedly contributed to the decorative phases of Southern life. Southern planters were

noted, even in the Colonial days, for their charm of manner, for high ideals of courage and honor, and for a passionate love of individual freedom. Within their own group they believed in Grecian democracy, as revealed by frequent articles in Southern periodicals. If they did not universally extend this democratic idea, the reason was that, like the Greeks, they regarded the blacks as a necessity in the economic system and their slavery indispensable; and possibly, like the Boers of South Africa, they saw nothing incompatible with the highest nobility and democratic feeling in the status of slaveholder, in the mastery of one's own domain. Envious qualities the Southern aristocrats preserved, and they seemed inherent in the planters' blood: the fact of slave life would not of itself have furnished a social gloss nor have accounted for the broad social program and the generous hospitality to the frequent guest. The novels of Scott may well have done much to strengthen these qualities, natural or acquired. His works led them to desire a more chivalric order; and inasmuch as courtliness ran counter to no deep-seated prejudice, disrupted no economic state, disturbed no social development, there was little to hinder or retard the development of a culture of social charm and manners. Scott was setting before his readers visions which, when once seen, are not easily forgotten, and silently indoctrinating them with nobler ideas.

But saying this, can we say more? To assert that Scott was responsible for developing a feudal psychology in the South, even if we felt disposed to declare with Beers that he was the "historiographer royal of feudalism," is to place false emphasis upon his works. It might not be inappropriate to remark at this point that only four or five out of the thirty novels of Scott deal with the Middle Ages at all; and of these, which of the volumes can we pronounce baneful, can we charge with casting under an enchantment the politically critical minds of Southern leaders? Scott held the balance between good and bad in chivalry to a degree not usually recognized. Certainly the historical conscience of readers cannot be said to have been shocked at his feudal pictures, nor can the blame for a revival of interest in the past and a developing dilettantism be laid at his door. Moreover, if one could establish definite evidence that the South took Scott wholly to heart without critical evaluation, it would still

be too much to assume that the sole tendency of his novels was in the direction of a Tory reaction, Gallagher and Cooper notwithstanding. As C. D. Warner declared, there is "enough democracy in the Waverly novels to revolutionize the world. The science of freedom may have been imperfectly felt by the author but its spirit and judgment was nevertheless felt. The readers of Scott know this, and it is a pity that his critics cannot lift themselves to their point of view."

But mere denial may not in itself be convincing. It may be well to remind ourselves, therefore, of some of the real factors basically responsible for the Southern culture pattern. Literary enthusiasms are, at best, but mere surface decorations. The real answer to the problem is to be found in the fundamental economic organization of Southern society.

Now an important, though not dominant, factor in the Southern system was the plantation. The planter of the South did not constitute the entire South, it is true, and any generalization about the South which speaks exclusively in terms of planter culture is vitiated at the outset. But since so many of the claims of the Scott influence have to do with the influence upon planter thinking, it may be well to meet such charges on their own grounds. The planter of the South was a figure of importance, and whatever affected his ideas was destined to exercise a profound influence upon the entire area. But this is a truth which has most bearing in Tidewater Virginia, where cultivation had tended to concentrate more and more into fewer hands and thus to create a powerful landed aristocracy.

What was the effect, in this Tidewater area, of the plantation system upon the culture and ideal of gentlemen? The fact is that the English who migrated to Virginia reproduced English life in America, and the ideal of the eighteenth-century gentleman they incarnated here never disappeared. Soon from stability and prosperity, the fruits of their labor, there was a creation of a social order analogous to that of England. Almost immediately upon their immigration they found a crop, and the fluxful adaptation which marked the pioneer of the North or the plainsman of the West was never imposed upon Virginians. With a rich soil, which they hastened to exploit and exhaust, they produced an order of existence parallel to

that of eighteenth-century England; and Virginia became gayer than old England itself, its sports those of merrie England. Thus the English manor was never really lost, or if lost was soon rediscovered.

The Southern planters never turned their backs upon modern tendencies, as Twain and others charged. They simply recreated the ideal of eighteenth-century Englishmen, little modified by frontier conflicts or by new recruits from Europe. Social distinctions, under these circumstances, tended to become fixed, and thus there was apparent in certain sections a conservative social order long before the South heard of Scott. In the concept of the character and culture of the Southern planter the first consideration should not, therefore, be the chivalric manner to which he was committed, but rather the approximation of the spirit and character of the English squire. It was the idea of English gentry, not merely an English ideal, reshaped and remoulded by parallel conditions.

The planter did not dominate the whole South, however, no matter how extensive his influence. The real key to the distinctness of Southern character is to be found in the fact that the culture of the South was rural. The country, not the town or city, was paramount. Economic control of Southern agriculture, distributed as it was in the hands of thousands of plantation and farm owners, brought about certain civilizing factors in the direction of a definite pattern, made up of such characteristics as hospitality, gentlemanliness, etc. And the ideals of life, whether in occupation or in sport, were those of an outdoor order. This accounts for the visits, the foxhunts, and other manly pleasures, the devotion to horsemanship and to convivial gatherings. Again, the English gentry ideal had in it the county court; the chief days of excitement in the Old South were court days, festive occasions when the entire countryside gathered as for a fair. Such a conclave is interestingly described in Kennedy's *Swallow Barn* and at sufficient length as to provide a permanently valuable picture of such a social institution. Alike rural were the traditions of the land. The culture pattern was not so much one of a medieval revival, as of a rural survival. So P. A. Bruce declared: "The seclusion of the whole region left a deep impression on the disposition of the inhabitants. In a general way, it fostered in them a passionate, an almost romantic, love of the soil; a love that was further intensified by their descent as a body from the original set-

tlers of that part of the Union; for this meant that they and their forbears had been associated with it for many generations."

The second factor to be cited was that of slaveownership. The constant inculcation of the doctrine, "Servants, obey your masters," which was an essential feature of slaveholding life, had its effect upon the self-possession of the owner. The simple-mindedness of the Negroes led them to look to the master as a fountain of wisdom, whose every word was given deference. None could associate long and in terms of authority with such inferiority without evidence of that association in his outlook, speech, and manners.

But this factor was far less important than a third, the fact of two races living side by side. Not slavery itself but the Negro had a very present effect upon the Southern outlook; what Warner calls "the presence of an alien, insouciant colored race" influenced the social mores. Thus it is possible to find the secret to Southern character in features which definitely antedate Scott.

It must by now be apparent that no matter how popular Scott may have been in the South, yet to think of him as totally responsible for Southern psychology is to reveal all too little regard for plurality of causes. To determine the effect of the reading of one author upon a generation is immeasurably difficult and complicated, and there is always opportunity for grave misunderstanding of what is implied in the term "cause." This is true even when one is sure of one's facts and is approaching the problem with the laws of causation well in mind. What of the results when, as in the case of superficial critiques of Scott, there has been no attempt to employ a logical method, and when probable factors have been definitely ignored?

Refutation on these points brings us to the third charge of the Scott critics, the alleged apostasy of Southern leaders to Jeffersonian democracy. To such claims several replies may be given. In the first place, the Eastern planters of the 1790's have been too much judged by Jefferson, whose name and principles are well known. Of the leaders themselves there has been no clear concept, and the easy summary of attitude too frequently advanced is not one upon which reliance may be placed. The collaboration of Jefferson and the planters of the Tidewater was not an amalgamation of ideas, and their loyal support of him at times need not be regarded as a heritage or as a full subscription to the ideas of a Democratic leader. "Lip

service," as Craven remarked, "might be given to his phrases so long as practice should take whatever course the accumulation and protection of property required."

Moreover, this idea of a feudal psychology and of Southern aristocracy rests upon an inadequate view of the South, reposes upon the old illusion that there was no middle class in the South and that all planters were large slaveholders. It is true that Governor F. W. Allston of South Carolina owned six hundred slaves, but more than two thirds of the white inhabitants of the South never owned a slave in their lives. As Peter Molyneaux pointed out in the *Southwest Review*, less than 11 per cent of the white inhabitants of the South owned more than twenty slaves in 1850. Even if one allows one slaveholder for a family of five, 72 per cent of the white population of the South neither owned nor hired a slave in 1850. Professor Gaines has pointed out that the popular concept of the plantation left out of account a "fairly potent and really large factor, the yeomanry of the South, comparable perhaps to the English farmers, but not to the English gentlemen. . . . Most of them . . . made no pretense to spectacular living; they were not given to ancestor worship, though appreciation of blood in man and beast ever marked the Southern temperament; they were not aristocratic in political views, being chiefly supporters of the Jeffersonian doctrines; they were not aristocratic even in religious preference, for most of them embraced the evangelical faiths as ever represented by the Baptists, the Methodists, or the Presbyterians. With moderate land-holdings, and with few slaves, these small planters, not greatly unlike the substantial farming classes of other sections, offered little material for the romanticists." D. R. Hundley, in his *Social Relations in the South* (1860), found eight large classes, to each of which he devoted a full-length chapter. And Page properly noted that the Southern estate was small, and that, instead of the South being made up of a band of aristocratic slaveholders, the average Southerner owned but few Negroes, if he possessed any at all.

Let us turn to the fourth charge of the critics, namely, that the "South of 1830 or 1840 had developed a defense of slavery as evidence of a rigid social caste system." In the first place, not all slaveholders in the debates of 1831-32, either in Virginia or South Caro-



lina, were champions of slavery, as the remarks of Thomas Marshall in the House of Delegates on January 20, 1832, serve to illustrate. In the South down to that period, abolition societies continued to grow, for in 1827, of the 130 societies in existence, 106 were in the slave states. The movement received temporary checks from the introduction of the cotton gin and from the Southampton slave insurrection, but had it not been for sectional attacks the movement might have gone on. Whatever defense of slavery developed after this period represented a twofold advance. First was the retort to Garrison's sharp abolitionism. The spirit of the South, never lethargic, quickly rallied to what seemed to be a regional attack, and this defense mechanism not only developed a defense of the institution of slavery, but soon encompassed all points of sectional comparison, economic and social. The Quakers of Virginia found their efforts toward emancipation thwarted by a general reaction to New England militancy. George Ticknor, in a letter to Charles Lyell, commented pointedly on this fact:

The last important discussion on involuntary servitude in the South had occurred in the Virginia legislature, in 1831-2, soon after a formidable insurrection had occurred near Southampton, in that State. No question was taken; but, from the whole tone of the debate, all men apprehended the near abolition of slavery in Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky. . . .

But we were disappointed. Political and sectional abolitionism had appeared already. The South soon became alarmed and excited. They put themselves on the defensive first, and then on the offensive. Instead of regarding slavery as a great moral and political evil, as it had always before been admitted to be among the mass of the slave-holders . . . it has been, since 1833, maintained by McDuffie, Calhoun, and perhaps a majority of the leading men of the South, to be a great good in itself, and defensible in all its consequences. . . .

Thus became marked the development of independence. Of course, without the increasing profitableness of slavery there would doubtless have been no defense. But slavery was not defended, as the critic of Scott would have us believe, in order to maintain a feudal scheme of society. It was stoutly championed partly because there were regional attacks upon it, and partly because, as David Christy expressed it, Cotton was King: cotton products were in such universal demand

(through the channels of agriculture, manufacturing, and commerce) that it was not regarded practicable to overthrow so profitable a system.

Let us briefly review some of the evidence of the increasing profit from cotton culture. Dreams of slave emancipation had not been too remote in 1800, despite the activities of Rhode Island traders. The staple crops of the time, wheat, rice, tobacco, and indigo, had already developed the pattern of large-scale farming but did not demand large droves of laborers, and the normal expansion in acreage devoted to these products could not possibly have absorbed any great numbers of captured recruits from Africa. Natural increase would have taken care of all immediate demands, and in the older states there was a steadily decreasing profit. Then came the invention of the cotton gin, a machine which made possible the cleaning of three hundred and fifty pounds of cotton a day, thus eliminating an expensive and laborious hand method and fixing cotton and slavery on the South. The cotton industry soon absorbed the surplus in slave supply and gave economic stability to the slave market. The invention came at a crucial moment; and instead of a depression which had been impending, there ensued a period of speculative inflation. In 1800 the value of the cotton crop exported had been about five and a half million; by 1824 the value of exports was twenty-one million, while the export production of cotton had risen from nineteen million pounds to one hundred and forty-two million. By 1840 seven hundred fifty-four million pounds were exported with a valuation of sixty-four million dollars.

The increased production of cotton thus indicated was possible—considering the declining profits of plantation culture—only with a search for new and richer soils; soil exhaustion was a very basic cause in southwestward migration. Consequently, there began a very marked migration from South Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina to Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, and even Texas. Cotton plantations were the chief objects of the migration, and the investment plantation was the chief form of speculative pioneering in that day, though its profitable returns soon took it beyond the pioneering stage. There grew up in the Southwest large plantations, and “to supply them with labor,” declared C. R. Fish, “an increasing number of slaves were shifted west.” Marshall recog-

nized this factor as imparting value to slaves in Virginia: "Shut up all outlet into the southern and southwestern States, and the price of slaves in Virginia would sink down to a cipher." Perhaps the fact of the movement might be more specifically advanced. Professor Drew declared that capital, as well as population, almost as fast as it increased, had been swept off to the West. One estimate placed the value of property and money carried from Charles and St. Mary's counties (Maryland) in eighteen months (1836-37) at nearly one and a half million dollars. By far the larger amount of capital that moved West was tied up in slaves. Hodgson estimated that from Maryland and Virginia alone four to five thousand a year were sometimes sent down the water route to New Orleans. Something of the value of the slaves in consequence of the speculative demand might be hinted. *Niles Register* of 1828 noted that during 1827, 535 Negroes passed Evans Hotel west of Cumberland, Maryland, with an average value of \$300 or a total of \$160,500. Or again: "We have heard intelligent men estimate the number of slaves exported from Virginia, within the last twelve months, at 120,000, each slave averaging at least \$600, making an aggregate of \$72,000,000. Not more than one-third were sold—which leaves the state the sum of \$24,000,000 arising from the sale of slaves." While this movement was not without its measure of economic depletion in the older states, through the loss of both labor and capital without an equivalent, yet the enormous slave wealth satisfied the growing demands of the time.

While the production of cotton was controlled by a minority of the Southern white population, nevertheless cotton held the place of dominance in rural economy, and it was easy to justify slavery under a system which demanded constantly more and more labor to exploit. Cotton had come to be the great staple of the South in the years from 1800 to 1840, and upon a profitable slave labor cotton culture, it was believed, was dependent. This may have been an illusion, but even so, it is a gritty fact that Negro slave property, in 1850, was worth one and one-half times as much as the entire agricultural estate. While a great majority of the white population of the South did not own slaves, their economic thinking was largely in terms of planter ideology. The prosperity of the South was the prosperity of the cotton interests. And though I believe, with Professor

Craven, that it is "a false doctrine that holds that profits in cotton alone produced the defense of slavery," I do not think that so much logic would have been expended in its behalf had cotton culture and slavery not been so firmly wedded. So closely joined did they become, after 1800, that a defense of slavery, the South, and "white" civilization was to all intents one.

A third ground of defense, equally without connection with Scott, was that the control of slavery was necessary if white culture in the South was to be preserved. Many ante-bellum Southerners defended the institution on this ground, totally apart from the profitability of slave labor. Upon this theory there has been considerable agreement among respected Southern historians. Dwight Dumond declared: "Slavery as an economic system was of small account compared with slavery as a system of racial adjustment and social control." Comparably Eaton: "More important than any economic influence arising from the invention of the cotton gin was the feeling that slavery was needed to control the blacks, to make them work, to prevent crime, and to keep the South a white man's country." The feeling of the Southern people that their cherished way of life was at stake was admirably summed up by U. B. Phillips, who maintained that "slavery was defended not only as a vested interest, but with vigor and vehemence as a guarantee of white supremacy and civilization," and that only on this ground can one understand "the fervid secessionism of many non-slaveholders and the eager service of thousands in the Confederate army." In short, the average Southerner was concerned with protection against Africanism, and to him the only solution was one which would guarantee racial security and self-determination by the whites. Phillips's contentions are sufficiently conclusive without further elaboration at this point.

The critics of Scott and his Southern admirers have not always, therefore, been thoroughly grounded in economics nor well versed in the background of the Civil War. They have misinterpreted the slavery issue and they have ignored the conflict in principles of government as well as the theory of strict constitutional limitations stressed by Jefferson Davis. While oversimplification has been the inevitable fault of this study, as it has been of their charges, I have perhaps presented adequate considerations for the central thesis,

that Scott, though he may have been a decorative influence in Southern life, was certainly not a dictating force either in the preservation of an old order or in the defense of Southern institutions. It is one thing to say, as Mark Twain says, that Scott enamored the South with chivalry and the past; it is another to make one of his pet piques into a sober declaration of historical fact. That the South had little to do with industrialism is apparent. To declare, therefore, that it turned its back on progress is to refuse to understand the most rudimentary facts of economic organization. To belabor the South then or now for its devotion to basic crops is to possess an urban or industrial blindness and to misunderstand the whole problem of world markets and prices, of supply and demand.

Moreover, that the change of American life from the leisurely ideal of a cultured gentry to a profit-mad financial exploitation of the land during the Gilded Age was not an unmitigated good will not be seriously challenged today. Mark Twain did not see, as certain recent critics have seen, that the alleged processes of the Gilded Age which he did so much to advance—what speculator does not believe in brisk trade and masculine activity—were somewhat raffish, that for every “silliness and emptiness, sham grandeur, sham gaud,” which he decried, there was a gilded sham of the culture-mad seventies, the fatuity of an industrial era.

## AARON BURR IN WEIMAR

ERWIN G. GUDDE

AARON BURR was the first of the many Americans to cross the threshold of the stately residence on the Frauenplan of Weimar and to pay his respects to the illustrious Goethe. He was also the most interesting and best known of the poet's American visitors, and the diary of his stay in the little Thuringian capital is of equal interest to the biographer of Burr and to the student of Goethe and his inner circle.

Had it not been for a strange complex in his character Burr would have become one of the leaders in the early development of the nation. A brave and efficient soldier, a shrewd and honest politician, well disciplined, imperturbable, kind-hearted, patient, courteous as he was—he possessed an excess of ambition and egotism, and a firm belief in his superiority over every man with whom he came in contact. In 1800 he failed by a hair's breadth of becoming our third President. However, after serving his term as Vice-President under Jefferson, and then being defeated as a candidate for the governorship of New York, he saw his carefully fostered career come to an end. Despised by the Democrats, distrusted by the Federalists, whose leader he had killed, he decided on a bold stroke to show his enemies of what timber he was made. In a truly Napoleonic fashion he resolved to wrest Mexico from Spain and make himself emperor of that territory. He was never cast for such a role. Despite all his gifts and talents he possessed neither the vision, nor the fanaticism, nor the brutality of a dictator. It did not even come to that. He was arrested while organizing the frontiersmen of the Southwest for the invasion of Mexico, was accused of high treason and brought to trial. Acquitted despite the efforts of Jefferson, he went to England to interest the British government in his scheme. But England, fighting as Spain's ally against Napoleon, could ill afford to promote a plan to sever the North American possession of the Spanish Empire for the benefit of Aaron Burr. In fact, his presence in London became embarrassing to Lord Liverpool, and he was requested to quit the country. Smiling and unperturbed, he left the British Isles. There was one last hope—

Napoleon. But first of all he took a vacation—patience was one of his great virtues. He decided to travel through Sweden and Germany. The epistolary diary, published as *The Private Journal of Aaron Burr*, which he kept for his beloved daughter Theodosia, lost its tenseness. To be sure, he did not cease to ponder his grand scheme, and never missed a chance to secure letters of introduction to men who might be of value to him. It appears, however, that he was fairly free of worries during the trip, and was more interested in country and people than in political intrigue. On the third of May, 1809, he disembarked at Gothenburg.

The diary of the next ten months reveals Burr at his best. Nowhere does his true character stand out so clearly and so well defined. With a keen eye and an open mind he observed and studied. Endowed with that rare gift of taking people and situations not as they should be but as they are, he looked upon everyone and everything with kindness and sympathy. The many vexations and annoyances which were unavoidable in traveling in the days before the railroad and the modern hostelry he brushed aside with good-natured indifference. He remained always patient and unruffled, and if on rare occasions he lost his temper, he regretted it immediately and made amends. In Kassel a little girl came to his room with a guitar and began to sing. Not being in the right mood, he gave her a coin and sent her away. A minute later he was sorry for his rude behavior, tried all day in vain to find her in order to apologize, and resolved to be doubly kind and generous to those little urchins who tried to eke out a living by singing and dancing. Such was the nature of the man who pursued Washington with unrelenting hatred, who killed Alexander Hamilton in cold blood, and who barely escaped the hangman's noose for high treason.

He traveled through Gothenburg, Stockholm, Upsala, Copenhagen, Hamburg, Göttingen, Gotha, stopping at every interesting place to seek the company of clever men and beautiful women, to observe the landscape, and to inquire into the local history and the ways of the people. Having forgotten the more or less indifferent knowledge of German of his youth, he was always glad to find a person with whom he could speak English or French. On the second of January, 1810, he arrived at Weimar and stopped at the venerable inn, the "Elefant." Within twenty-four hours he was in the midst



of the society of the little town on the Ilm, the cultural center of Germany. During the week of his stay he met every person of interest and importance—Goethe, Wilhelm von Humboldt, the old poet Wieland. Twice he was invited to dine with the reigning duke, Karl August. Friedrich Bertuch, the Duke's financial secretary and the most important businessman of the city, did everything in his power to make his stay enjoyable and to introduce him to all people of consequence. This "frank, sprightly, sensible man" was probably the only person with whom Burr could talk intelligently about American affairs, and who might have been interested in his Mexican scheme.

Upon two occasions he was at Goethe's house. On the fourth of January his friend, Bertuch, introduced him, and on the seventh he burst into Goethe's salon during a morning gathering to which he was apparently not invited. The *Private Journal* mentions only the facts, and Goethe's own reaction to Burr's visit is a terse entry in his diary, "Obrist Burr aus Nordamerika." Neither seemed to have mentioned the other's name again. Goethe apparently did not even answer a direct inquiry from his intimate friend Karl Knebel, who wrote from Jena on the eleventh, "I should like very much to have you tell me something about Colonel Burr: what sort of a fellow he may be." We can easily guess why Burr's usually irresistible charm failed to make an impression upon Goethe. On the thirteenth of January, Burr wrote in his diary, "It would seem that every incident of my life is known throughout Germany. Duels, treasons, speeches, gallantries." There can be no doubt that the poet also knew about Burr's American antecedents. The *Politisches Journal*, a periodical read in Weimar, contained in its issue of June, 1807, a long unflattering account of the erstwhile Vice-President, "A part of the new world was roused by this Colonel for a long time, and on our continent too his intentions and adventures have excited a great deal of attention." The above-mentioned Knebel considered Burr "crafty and of unreliable character," and Wilhelm von Humboldt, who just at that time was in daily contact with Goethe, doubtless knew all about Burr from his brother Alexander, who had been Jefferson's guest at the White House a few years before. Thus Goethe, having already developed that well-known, somewhat pathological aversion toward anything that smacked of adventure or revolution, probably remained cool and distant, al-

though his friends tried their best to make the romantic visitor feel at home.

The larger part of Burr's entries is concerned not with the men he met but with the lovely and clever women, of whom there was certainly no lack at the Thuringian residence. Indeed, it was not the fame of Goethe that brought him to Weimar but the desire to meet the beautiful relatives and friends of the wife of General Helvig, and her sisters, Marianne and Luise Imhoff, whose acquaintance he had made in Stockholm, and who had commissioned him to call on these ladies. "Weimar, Weimar," he jotted down the day before his arrival, "for which I have gone seventy miles out of my way, have expended so much time and money! and all this for thee, lovely d'Im. (Marianne Imhoff)." Daily he met Frau von Stein, the friend and erstwhile muse of Goethe, at a tête-à-tête or at a party. He enjoyed the company of the Baroness Karoline von Egloffstein; of Karoline von Wolzogen, Friedrich Schiller's sister-in-law; of Johanna Schopenhauer, mother of the great philosopher; of the princesses of the court; of Goethe's wife, and all the other ladies who adorned the Weimar court of muses. Fortunately at least one of these women recorded her impressions of Aaron Burr. Henriette von Knebel wrote somewhat apologetically to her pessimistic brother under the date of January 6: "After his first visit I invited the American together with Emilie Gore for tea the day before yesterday. Since he brought letters and news from the Imhoffs I wanted to accord him some honor. Emilie wanted me to send for you immediately, and how gladly I would have done this! It would have been interesting to you, since he comes from another part of the world and likes to talk in his anglicized French. He is in his fifties and seems clever, active, and enterprising. He is short and lean, and resembles an American Napoleon. His forehead is high, and his eyes are sparkling. To be sure, I should not want to place my fate in his keeping, although he has a great respect for our sex. He says that the loyalty of a man lasts for one day, that of a woman for a whole life-time. The *gauche* and *halbwilde* in his behavior pleased me. When I had the bust of Franklin brought in he rose respectfully, and his face was moved by joy and love as one rarely sees in a European."

The evening after this "cheerful confab," as Burr called the tea party, Bertuch took his friend to another gathering, and there some-

thing happened which nearly changed the course of Burr's life. At that party he fell madly in love with a charming young girl. There is some confusion as to the identity of the lady in question. Some of Burr's biographers and other writers call her Mademoiselle d'Or. The most recent biography, *Aaron Burr, the Proud Pretender*, by H. Alexander, fails to record this interesting episode, and an American scholar, W. Wadepuhl, who searched the archives of Weimar in vain for a clue, does not believe in the existence of such a person, but states in his article "Goethe's Interest in the New World": "In my opinion this was an incognito for the Mexican precious ore." William H. Samson, in his edition of the *Private Journal* (1903), accuses his predecessor, Matthew L. Davis, of having introduced this mistake. However, whatever other sins Davis may have committed in his corrupt version of 1838, he is completely innocent of the creation of the mysterious Mademoiselle d'Or. It was Burr's earliest and (until recently) most dependable biographer, J. Parton, who first mentioned the name d'Or in *The Life and Times of Aaron Burr*. Disregarding Davis's account, he apparently misread the abbreviation d'Im in the manuscript, interpreting it as d'Or, and committed the further blunder of confusing Marianne Imhoff with Burr's lady love at Weimar.

The true name of the girl who played such havoc with Aaron's emotions was Tinette von Reizenstein. She lived with her mother in Weimar at that time, and Goethe in his diaries between May, 1806, and April, 1813, frequently mentioned her as a visitor to his house. Burr recorded her name for the first time when he jotted down his impressions of the party on the evening of January 4: "There a circle of about fifteen, very gay. Saw but one: de Reizenstein. 'Obstupui.' Rendezvous for tomorrow. . . . This day would make about 200 pages if written out."

On the following day Burr called at the home of "la belle de Reizenstein." He had a map of America with him. "M'lle has lost no ground today," he wrote in his journal; "we ran over the United States. Her remarks charmed and astonished me." On the sixth he was at a gathering at Countess Egloffstein's house where he again met Tinette and also the poet Johann Falk. The well-known Goethe scholar, Ludwig Geiger, in an article in Volume XXIV of the *Goethe Jahrbuch*, leaves open the question of whether Tinette was the friend

of Falk or not. Burr's entry on that day seems to confirm that she was. Apparently he sensed something and became jealous, "Le poete Falk would have amused me much had it not been for Reizenstein." He also confessed in the diary that her conquest of him was complete and that he was ready for any romance.

On the seventh he met her at the morning party in Goethe's home, and when Frau Schopenhauer invited him to her house he resolved to go because Tinette told him she would be there too. A disappointment awaited him, "de Reizenstein had not come in but understood I should meet her at court, but she was not there!" He lingered at the court-ball, "a most beautiful assemblage," till one o'clock, but Tinette failed to appear. The following day is not recorded in the journal, but the entry made at Erfurt, doubtless on the ninth of January, reveals with dramatic clarity what must have transpired in the meantime: "Felicitate me, my dear T. (Theodosia), on my escape from the most critical danger of my life! I have been, as you know, in pretty many dilemmas and jeopardies, but in no one that called for so much effort and determination as this; and even now, at the distance of fifteen English miles, I do not feel myself quite safe. Yet having ordered posthorses for six in the morning, not choosing to hazard the lapse of two or three hours to wait for the diligence (for, possibly, I may be pursued), my escape may, I think, be considered accomplished. How shall I apologize to la Baronne de S. (Stein), to whom I was engaged for tomorrow evening, when she promised I should see all that was beautiful or brilliant in Weimar and its vicinage? How to the good and amiable Wieland, whom I had promised to meet this evening? How to Dr. H. (Holberg) whose friendship has been so disinterested and may be so important? At this (time), probably enough, he is writing letters for me. But I have escaped, that is my consolation! I do verily believe that de Reizenstein is a sorceress! Indeed, I have no doubt of it and if I were President of the secret tribunal she should be burned alive tomorrow. Another interview, and I might have been lost, my hopes and projects blasted and abandoned. The horror of this last catastrophe struck me so forcibly and the danger was so imminent that at eight (!) o'clock I ordered posthorses, gave a crown extra to the postillion to drive like the devil, and lo! here I am in a warm room, near a neat, good bed, safely locked within the walls of Erfurt, re-

joining and repining. If you had been near me I should have had none of this trouble. The history of the day must be deferred till my head is more posèd."

One is inclined to smile at this outburst, to think of the danger as exaggerated and the horror as imaginary. The man who had carried the body of General Montgomery from the battlefield under the fire of the British, and had fought for his neck at the treason trial with the utmost complacency—can we imagine him running with all his might from a designing female?

The sources which tell us what the people thought of Tinette are meager, yet they suffice to explain brave Aaron's terror. Charlotte von Stein's biographer, W. Bode, reports that her son Fritz had been accepted by Tinette in 1803 but had been dropped after a few weeks because she liked another better. In March, 1819, Adele Schopenhauer wrote to her philosopher brother, "Tinette von Reizenstein arrived to stay a few weeks. She has turned philosophical and religious. What may have become of the graces which once favored her? Methinks, you too were one of her worshippers." In 1809, Goethe published his *Wahlverwandschaften*, later translated into English as *Elective Affinities*. Varnhagen von Ense, in the second volume of his *Tagebücher*, mentions that readers saw features of Tinette in Luciane, one of the characters of the novel. Goethe himself never confirmed this, and we have no proof that Tinette was the prototype of Luciane. But the fact that the good people of Weimar, who knew Tinette well, immediately drew a parallel between her and the fictitious character in Goethe's novel proves conclusively that there must have been a resemblance between the two. In the fourth chapter of the second part we read: "She seemed determined to win for herself all men of importance, position, rank or fame, to triumph over the wise and serious and to make even the very staid find favor with her wild strange nature. Nor were the young men neglected. Every one enjoyed his share, his day, and his hour in the power and spell of her charm." Again in the following chapter: "Thus Luciane spurred on the gaiety of life in a lively social whirl. Her court grew daily, partly because her conduct fascinated and attracted many a man, partly because her kindness and generosity held many another."

All this dovetails so nicely with Burr's account that we no longer have reason to doubt that the danger was real. The dashing Aaron

Burr, spoiled by many easy conquests, had at last found his match, and his terror was genuine.

A few weeks later, on the twenty-first of January, he mentioned Tinette once more in his journal. He called one of the daughters of Baron von Ende of Frankfurt "pleasing, not dangerous like that infernal Tinte." To this Mr. Samson, the editor of the *Journal*, adds the naïve remark: "Does he not refer to De Reizenstein, the sorceress of Weimar? Was her name Tinte or is there a reference to her character in the word Tinte, which means ink in German?"

Burr spent five more weeks in Germany, mainly at Gotha and Frankfurt, always well received and entertained. When he finally arrived in Paris, it did not take him many days to discover that there was not the slightest chance to revive his Mexican adventure with the help of Napoleon. Instead, he was obliged to spend many dreary months trying to get a passport and the funds to buy a ticket home.

It was not until May, 1812, that Aaron Burr set foot again on American soil. His grand scheme had crumbled to dust. A few weeks later he received word of the death of his grandson, who was once slated to be his successor to the throne of Mexico. And in December of the same year, he waited in vain for the arrival of the schooner *Patriot* on which Theodosia had taken passage to visit her father in New York. The boat was lost at sea: the only two persons dear to Aaron's heart were gone. Grieved and disappointed, but proud as ever, he settled down as a lawyer in New York, without hope, indeed without desire to attain a position equal to his great gifts and talents.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE PERVERSE IN A. E. H.

TOM BURNS HABER

ONE OF THE lyrics in A. E. Housman's posthumous *More Poems*—Number XVIII—contains a clue to his poetry which, I believe, has never been followed home. This is the poem:

Delight it is in youth and May  
To see the morn arise,  
And more delight to look all day  
A lover in the eyes.  
Oh maiden, let your distaff be,  
And pace the flowery meads with me,  
And I will tell you lies.

'Tis blithe to see the sunshine fail,  
And hear the land grow still,  
And listen till the nightingale  
Is heard beneath the hill.  
Oh, follow me where she is flown  
Into the leafy woods alone,  
And I will work you ill.\*

This lyric bears the stamp of much of Housman's poetry: it offers one of his favorite contrasts, morning and evening; it is an invitation to love, a poem of youth and springtime; finally, it is an example of the poet's habit of presenting his human drama against a natural setting.

But the final lines of each of the two stanzas produce an effect which is not found elsewhere in Housman's poetry. No doubt these two lines when they first saw the light in *More Poems* came as something of a shock to readers of Housman, well inured to the poet's characteristic mood of despair and disillusionment. In "Delight It Is" Housman has skillfully built up a scene of idyllic love for the mere purpose, it would seem, of spoiling and destroying it by the

\* This poem, as well as other portions of Housman's verse included in this article, is quoted by permission. Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made to Henry Holt and Company (*A Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems*), to The Leland Hayward Agency (*More Poems*), and to Charles Scribner's Sons (*Additional Poems*).



cynical thrusts that leap out of the lines that conclude the two stanzas. This is something more than his preoccupation with lovers' ills; here his Shropshire Lad puts on the smirk of a Byronic gallant. Furthermore, the construction of the second stanza on the same pattern as the first gives the poem more of a labored, artful effect than is common with Housman: it shows too plainly the marks of the file. In form and in subject matter the poem is an unparalleled example of the spirit which engendered Housman's "revolt" poetry—the dominating spirit of the perverse.

Although the date of this lyric has not been accurately determined, internal and external evidence place it among the poet's early work. Judging from Laurence Housman's descriptions of the notebooks, we are safe in supposing that "Delight It Is" was completed all of twenty years before A. E. H. made up the table of contents for *Last Poems* in September, 1922.

Why did not Housman include this lyric in his *Last Poems*? This question gives rise to a train of interesting speculation. Did the poet fear that he had gone too far on the cynic's way in this lyric? Did he feel that it might have betrayed the reputation that *A Shropshire Lad* had established? Did he rate the poem as definitely inferior? Did he rule it out because he thought it too neat and patterned?

We know that Housman was a severe critic of his own poetry and that any of these reasons would have been enough to urge him to turn thumbs down on "Delight It Is." The thought arises here that it is possible that he rejected this poem for the reasons which weighed against including the lyric "In the Morning" in *A Shropshire Lad*. This poem, which Laurence Housman in his tantalizingly incomplete list ascribes to the year 1895, did not appear until 1922, when it took its place in *Last Poems* (Number XXIII). "Delight It Is" bears a definite kinship with this poem:

In the morning, in the morning  
In the happy field of hay,  
Oh they looked at one another  
By the light of day.

In the blue and silver morning  
On the haycock as they lay,  
Oh they looked at one another  
And they looked away.

The resemblance of the two poems lies not only in theme and setting, but in the unexpected conclusion. The contrast ending is less forcefully expressed in the lyric just quoted, but it is nonetheless the true burden of the poem. Though romance takes the place of cynicism here, the same principles of contrast and surprise are evident: the first seven lines have built up a light, gay mood which the last line subtly overthrows. This design, enforced by two-stanza repetition, is the design underlying the more elaborate "Delight It Is."

I cannot find that Housman ever expressed an opinion on either of these two poems. Though he had a good deal to say about his poetry to close friends and other favored persons, he did not conceive it to be his duty to enlighten the uninitiate as to the circumstances under which he wrote and published his verse. Rather, he took a kind of delight in obscuring his trail. When pressed by persistent correspondents (including one hardy American student), he would sometimes take up his pen to scatter some elucidating remarks among such thick-sown phrases as, "You are an engaging madman"; "Your questions, though frivolous, are not indecent, so I suppose I must humour you," etc.

The deepest implications of his poetry Housman almost invariably refused to discuss with anyone, and it is therefore to the poetry itself that the reader must now, as ever, turn with his questions.

Does the spirit of perversity dominate a considerable part of Housman's verse? Is this spirit given as free rein elsewhere as in "Delight It Is"? Is this spirit conveyed in poems of a particular structural type? Anyone who is acquainted with the facts of Housman's life will conclude that the perversity of the poet was the perversity of the man. Perverse he was, says Alan Ker of Housman's refusal to pursue the course of readings required by his college at Oxford. "Nor," so Ker continues, "did early manhood cure him of perversity." Joined to the Oxford failure and the consequent ten-year "purgatory period" at the Patent Office there undoubtedly was, since the love poems of *A Shropshire Lad* so clearly show the reflex of experience rather than of pure imagination, some unhappy love affair in Housman's early life that gave a definite color to much of his verse. This chapter of the poet's life remains to be revealed to another day, possibly to another generation; by us only its effect can

be read in the tragic, high-sorrowful moods of *A Shropshire Lad* and the three later volumes.

Whatever its inspiring cause or causes, Housman's perverse genius ruled his poetry throughout his entire productive period. The composition dates of the lyrics of his earliest volume fall, as nearly as we can now determine, between September, 1890, and the late autumn of 1895. The poet's perverse mood sets the key for many of the lyrics of *A Shropshire Lad*. Probably the most striking example is the infrequently quoted poem entitled suggestively "The Immortal Part" (Number XLIII). What is man's immortal part? His soul?—No: his bones. They are the steadfast and enduring part. "Dying flesh and dying soul" have their way with the rebellious bones until death, when the immortal skeleton, the "eternal seed," is brought to light. Against how many dogmas—oriental and occidental, Christian and pagan—does this provocative lyric sound its challenge!

Another affront to orthodoxy is the poem (Number XLVII) of the Crucifixion—a poem which indeed could hardly be identified as to subject without its title, "The Carpenter's Son." The sufferer on the middle cross (stanza 3) laments that he had not remained at his father's trade:

Then I might have built perhaps  
Gallows-trees for other chaps,  
Never dangled on my own,  
Had I but left ill alone.

Far from condemning or pitying suicides, the author of *A Shropshire Lad* speaks (in Number XLIV) to one thus:

Shot? so quick, so clean an ending?  
Oh that was right, lad, that was brave.

The idea of premature death was a topic of absorbing interest to Housman and appears in many of his poems—there are at least twenty-seven—describing the execution of youthful lawbreakers or the death of young soldiers in battle. Occasionally, as in "To an Athlete Dying Young" (Number XIX), the mood of the poem is softened by an allusion to immortality that in some degree rebukes the spirit of the perverse, which in the poem mentioned will nevertheless out in the line: "Smart lad, to slip betimes away." As A. E. H.

looks at the crowd that comes to Ludlow Fair (lyric Number XXIII), he wishes he could tell the "fortunate fellows" among the ones whose elbows he touches. Who are these fortunate ones? "The lads that will die in their glory and never be old." The nightmare of Death-in-Life again stalks beside him in the crowded city street, where he admonishes himself (in lyric Number XII) thus:

Let me mind the house of dust  
Where my sojourn will be long.

But perhaps the crowning piece of perversity in the first volume is poem Number XLIX, "Think No More, Lad," which for all its devil-may-care bravado compresses into its twelve short lines a world of bitterness and disillusionment. The spirit of this poem Housman raised and laid in his famous "Terence, This is Stupid Stuff"; but in "Think No More, Lad" Terence's stoical answer is absent, and the scoffer is unrebuked. The poem is so well known that it hardly needs to be set down in print:

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly:  
Why should men make haste to die?  
Empty heads and tongues a-talking  
Make the rough road easy walking,  
And the feather pate of folly  
Bears the falling sky.  
Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking  
Spins the heavy world around.  
If young hearts were not so clever,  
Oh, they would be young for ever:  
Think no more; 'tis only thinking  
Lays lads underground.

The tributes paid to Herbert Housman in *Last Poems* and the sheaf of other soldier poems in that volume give it a kind of elegiac tone. It is natural therefore that in his second volume the poet gave somewhat less freedom to his imp of the perverse. In only two pieces (besides "In the Morning" already mentioned) does this spirit appear as plainly as in *A Shropshire Lad*. And in one of these—Number XXXVI—the spirit of perversity is but little advanced beyond the idea of contrast, out of which Housman's perverse thought is most frequently engendered. In this three-stanza lyric (of which the

first stanza was done in 1922, the last two much earlier), a beautiful picture of morning is first presented:

West and away the wheels of darkness roll,  
Day's beamy banner up the east is borne,  
Spectres and fears, the nightmare and her foal,  
Drown in the golden deluge of the morn.

Abruptly the thought passes to shadow and eclipse:

But over sea and continent from sight  
Safe to the Indies has the earth conveyed  
The vast and moon-eclipsing cone of night,  
Her towering foolscap of eternal shade.  
  
See, in mid heaven the sun is mounted; hark,  
The belfries tingle to the noonday chime.  
'Tis silent, and the subterranean dark  
Has crossed the nadir, and begins to climb.

This poem is divided between one of Housman's characteristic contrasts—morning and night—supported by the balance of zenith and nadir, gold and dark, east and west, etc. The idea of perversity is here contained in the artful arrangement of the stanzas. By themselves, the two concluding stanzas furnish merely an interesting panorama of the passage of the "cone of night" across the earth. But a Housman poem should be more than this. There must be a first stanza in which a scene of morning beauty is drawn. Let there first be light—and then forecast its extinction.

The same use of contrasts appears in the short lyric Number XXII. The first stanza sounds a note of cynicism almost as sharp as that in "Delight It Is":

The sloe was lost in flower,  
The April elm was dim;  
That was the lover's hour,  
The hour for lies and him.

Then stanza two throws down its contrasts with an equipoise that is almost mathematical:

If thorns are all the bower,  
If north winds freeze the fir,  
Why, 'tis another's hour,  
The hour for truth and her.

In many of the poems so far examined it is apparent that Housman's distrust of nature as a guide to man is an active agent in arousing his perverse spirit. His nature poems, taken in sum, show a mind strangely divided against itself, wherein a love of natural beauty (often recollected with a moving poignancy in the streets of the city) wars with a settled sense of nature's indifference or hostility to man and all of his concerns. The poet feels the charm of the enchantress, but his reason will not let him embrace her. This clash of reason and desire is often expressed outright in various single poems; again, we find a poem like "Loveliest of Trees" (*A Shropshire Lad*, Number II) standing out in stark contrast to the theme of "Tell Me Not" (*Last Poems*, Number XL, last stanza):

For nature, heartless, witless nature,  
Will neither care nor know  
What stranger's feet may find the meadow  
And trespass there and go,  
Nor ask amid the dews of morning  
If they are mine or no.

Where, then, will the poet turn for counsel? If he cannot find a *point d'appui* in nature, can he find one within himself? The seventeenth lyric of *More Poems* commemorates the result of the poet's search; stanza one reads:

Bells in tower at evening toll,  
And the day forsakes the soul;  
Soon will evening's self be gone  
And the whispering night come on.

The feeling of peace and charm is almost, but not quite, perfect here; there is in the second line a hint of discord, but it is a hint so subdued that a reader might at first take it as nothing more than a touch of conventional gray melancholy. It is in the second stanza that the poet's mood is declared: the darkness is a cover for man's evil—evil which, if it came not from the inspiration of nature, would come from the human heart. Such is the burden of stanza two:

Blame not thou the blinded light  
Nor the whisper of the night;  
Though the whispering night were still,  
Yet the heart would counsel ill.

Between these two worst of all possible worlds, then, the poet may make his choice—or may choose to reject them both.

In lyric XXXII of *More Poems* the poet imagines himself watching the sowers drop their grain in the furrows. In the fullness of time he does not foresee the yellow cornheads or the blossoms of clover; no matter what the sowers intrust to the earth, only weeds will live and grow there—the wild mustard and the nettle. These will mock man's efforts to avail himself of the earth's fertility and will stand as a symbol of the prodigal waste of nature which would sow its tares in cities and the courts of kings.

Devotees of Housman must have thought of lyric Number XXXII of *More Poems* when they first read "God's Acre," the eleventh lyric of the eighteen new poems printed in *My Brother, A. E. Housman*. The opening verses offer a scene suited to the mood of L'Allegro:

Morning up the eastern stair  
Marches, azuring the air,  
And the foot of twilight still  
Is stolen toward the western sill.  
Blithe the maids to milking, blithe  
Men in hayfields stone the scythe. . . .

But this mood is not long maintained. The purpose of the introduction is to accentuate the contrast which is preparing. The poet soon turns away from the quickening earth to God's acre, wherein nothing comes to life again:

This hopeless garden that they sow  
With the seeds that never grow.

The concluding lines repeat the dictum that nothing rises from the grave. This statement of a familiar theme comes pat to Housman's spirit of the perverse, which once more achieves its effect through an artful balance of contrasts in mood and situation.

At this point we may pause to observe that the poems reviewed thus far seem to indicate a type in the poetry of A. E. H., a type that may be expressed simply by this formula:

Theme I		spirit of the		Theme II
affirmation	→	perverse	→	negation



That is to say, a "typical" Housman poem first sets up an affirmative theme—an idea of joy, courage, probity, etc.,—which his perverse spirit attacks and overthrows, to leave dominant in the poem the negative theme of sorrow or defeat. The first theme is not always fully developed in the poem, as it is not in "The Carpenter's Son," where tradition supplies the affirmative idea. Nor is it developed in "The Immortal Part," where the orthodox idea of the immortality of the soul represents Theme I. Again, in "Loveliest of Trees" (*A Shropshire Lad*, II) the first theme occupies the entire poem; here, there is no intrusion of the spirit of perversity, and the poem maintains its affirmation to the end. This kind of variation—if we are justified in thus designating norm and variation—is not often found in the poetry of A. E. H. More frequent is the kind in which the poem is entirely devoted to the second theme. Besides the two examples already mentioned, the better-known poem, "The Chestnut Casts His Flambeaux" (*Last Poems*, IX), illustrates this dominance of Theme II. In "When I Watch the Living Meet" the lines of the poem are about equally divided between the two themes. The artful overdevelopment of Theme I in "Delight It Is," with the second theme so deftly canceling it, is what makes this lyric stand out in Housman's poetry.

Reviewing the poems thus far mentioned, we are once again reminded that the spirit of the perverse in moving from Theme I into Theme II acts upon the principle of contrast. We observe that night overcomes day, death overcomes life, falsehood overcomes truth, etc. This principle of contrast must have been a fixed habit of Housman's mind, at least when the muse of poetry dominated it. In his most famous lyrics as well as his recently published nonsense verses, the habit of posing opposites is seen at work. A well-known poem of this kind is Number XVIII of *A Shropshire Lad*:

Oh, when I was in love with you,  
Then I was clean and brave,  
And miles around the wonder grew  
How well did I behave.

And now the fancy passes by,  
And nothing will remain,  
And miles around they'll say that I  
Am quite myself again.

This lyric represents what may be called an ideal type in Housman's poetry, in which the balance of themes is supported by an equal balance of the stanzas. In other words, the contrast is mathematically defined, thus carrying the principle to its logical extreme. Of the poems already discussed, this double balance of theme and stanza was employed in the service of perversity in "The Sloe was Lost in Flower" (*Last Poems*, XXII), "In the Morning" (*Last Poems*, XXIII), and "Delight It Is" (*More Poems*, XVIII). Equally accurate divisions of themes and lines are to be seen in *A Shropshire Lad* in lyric XXVI, where the heard and the unheard prophecy of the aspen tree are the two themes; in the next lyric (Thomas Hardy's favorite), where the dialogue of the buried yeoman and his successor divides the poem into two equal parts, with four alternating stanzas to each; and in Number LVIII, in which the memory of the homeward walk with friends contrasts with the wayfarer's present loneliness.

*Last Poems* offers two other examples of mathematical balance besides the two already mentioned (Numbers XXII and XXIII). Lyric X divides between its two stanzas the themes of drunken obliviousness and sober realization. The first two stanzas of poem XXXIV contrast the memory of Ludlow Fair in days gone by with the anticipation of the fair that comes tomorrow.

In addition to "Delight It Is" there are several examples in *More Poems* of even-handed division. The first lyric in this volume is balanced on the two themes of Christ unrisen and Christ risen; Number XII is equally divided between the themes of mortal and immortal love; in Number XXV the day of birth is balanced against the day of death; the two stanzas of poem Number XXX balance friendship's farewell against the desire for reunion; stanza one and the first two lines of the second stanza of poem XXXVIII express the idea of the descent of evening upon the living, as the last two lines of stanza two and the third stanza oppose the idea of the dead.

The poems just discussed that show an even line-apportionment between the two themes form a considerable part of the poetry of A. E. H.; but there are many other lyrics in his four volumes where in the principle of contrast is seen no less clearly, although the two themes are not developed at equal length. Still, the reader is never in doubt as to the identity of the two themes. A favorite device of

Housman is to signalize the opening of Theme II with "But," "Now," "Yet," etc. In this manner seven of the poems thus far examined have announced their second theme.

This examination of Housman's poetry, which began with a unique but doubly characteristic lyric, "Delight It Is," has shown how heavily the poet leaned upon the method of contrast. This strong catalytic agent is present in nearly one fifth of all his poems, and within this number fall many of his most greatly admired lyrics. There can be no doubt that the counterpoise of these pieces was carefully designed: the two themes are sharply distinguished, usually confined to definite portions of the poem, and are often still further balanced by an equal apportionment of lines.

When Housman's love of contrast is leagued with his perverse spirit, the two working for the exaltation of a negative theme over an affirmative theme, we may look for a poem that tends to follow a specific type. The ultimate example of this type is the lyric "Delight It Is," in which Housman introduced a lavish series of his favorite contrasts, perversely accentuating his dominant contrast by "springing" the negative theme after he had so fully developed the first—all of this doubled by stanza two, which is devoted to the same business. In no other poem by A. E. H. do we so plainly see the *craftsman* at work. Here he is exercising his whole craft, if not as strongly as elsewhere, at least more obviously than he did in any other poem. It would have been a great pity if "Delight It Is" had not been preserved and printed; for although it is not a great poem, it contains in little a great deal of what the poetry of Housman represents. It carries in duplicate the full imprint of his seal.

## A REVOLUTIONARY FRONTIERSMAN

EDGAR F. SHANNON, JR.

LATE IN THE afternoon of February 23, 1779, a small scouting party of British soldiers returned to their post at Fort Vincennes, bringing with them two American prisoners. One of these prisoners was a sturdy and intelligent-looking young man, although he cut no imposing or military figure in his wet and muddy garments. He was Captain William Shannon of Kentucky. Seasoned in border warfare, he felt no anxiety about his own safety. Yet as he entered the British stronghold, his thoughts were far from cheerful; for the dispatches he was bearing to his commander, Colonel George Rogers Clark, would now fall into the hands of the enemy. He was impatient that his mission should have miscarried, both because of his personal sense of responsibility and his deep patriotic interest in the fortunes of his country.

Captain Shannon and his companion soon found that they were not the only American prisoners. Captain Helm, from whom Governor Hamilton had taken Vincennes on December 17, 1778, and several persons from the town of Vincennes, who were suspected of American sympathies, were also confined at the fort. Among the persons from the town was Moses Henry, who afterwards became Clark's Indian agent. Imagine the astonishment of the young captain and his comrades when on that same evening Henry reported to them that he had word from his wife, who had come under pretext of bringing him food, that George Rogers Clark and his forces were within sight of Vincennes. It was incredible! With the swollen condition of the rivers between Vincennes and Kaskaskia, where Clark had been garrisoned, and with rain, wet ground, and winter weather it was too much to believe that, dauntless though the Colonel was, he should be before Vincennes. It seemed strange that the British were not aware of his presence; but they were not expecting him until spring, and his movements were now covered by the curtain of darkness.

Mrs. Henry's report was verified when those inside heard the first volley which a party of Clark's men fired against the fort. Captain

Shannon could but recognize the strength of the British garrison and realize the danger Clark would be in if the hostile Indians in that territory discovered the plight of their British allies and came to their rescue. Still his spirits must now have been completely revived; for with his confidence in Colonel Clark and his fellow frontiersmen, he could feel sure that the British would be dislodged. His only wish was that he might be out there in the dark helping to fire the musketballs which continued to rattle against the palisades all through the night.

Daylight the next morning disclosed that the besiegers had drawn off from about sixty to one hundred yards to concealed posts from which the firing continued. They had been furnished with an abundance of ammunition and powder by Legras, Bosseron, and other inhabitants of the town, who had secreted their supply from the British. Most of Clark's powder had been ruined by the water, and the galley with the greater part of it had not arrived. The besieged could only return the musket fire; for when the cannon ports were opened, the Kentucky sharpshooters picked off the gunners with great regularity. The spirits of Clark's men ran so high that he had to restrain them from exposing themselves, and there was a general desire to storm the fort.

During the day of the twenty-fourth notes were exchanged, and under a truce Governor Hamilton and his aide, Major Hay, accompanied by Captain Helm, held a parley at the Catholic Church with Colonel Clark and Captain Joseph Bowman. After the English officers had returned to the fort, articles were sent them to which they agreed. Next morning about ten o'clock the British garrison marched out of the fort, and Captain Shannon was able to greet his commander and again take his place in the American forces.

Temple Bodley, in his life of George Rogers Clark, describes the surrender thus: "One can picture the scene as Hamilton led his well-drilled scarlet clad regulars of the King's Own Regiment between the lines of Clark's bedraggled men, while all Vincennes looked on and old Captain Helm, amidst loud huzzahs, hoisted the American flag he had formerly refused to pull down."

Captain William Shannon, who witnessed this stirring scene, was born of Scotch-Irish parents in southeastern Pennsylvania about 1752. The Shannons were originally Scotch, a sept of the Clan Mac-

Donald. Since the MacDonalds lived in the part of western Scotland nearest to Ireland, some of the Shannons probably crossed the North Channel to Ireland at an early date. These Protestant Shannons are not to be confused with the Shannons of the south of Ireland, who were Roman Catholic and of a different origin. William's grandparents were among the first to come to America in the great migration from Ulster in the first half of the eighteenth century. They disembarked either at Philadelphia or New Castle, Delaware, and took up land in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

William, the sixth of eleven children, was in his early teens at his father's death in 1766. An older brother, John, managed the farm, as William was growing to manhood. While the farm of three hundred fifty acres amply supported this frugal Scotch-Irish family, there was much work to be done by a strapping lad. His education, however, was not neglected, and he was taught very thoroughly at least the "three R's." The character of his training is evidenced by his letters, as will appear later. They are well spelled and punctuated for the times and are clear and direct in expression, far superior to Clark's writing and that of some of the other officers. His handwriting is neat, smooth, and easy to read.

Just a year after the death of William Shannon's father, John Finley made an extensive penetration into Kentucky; and soon Boone, Harrod, and others were in that land, while wonderful tales of "God's Own Country" were spreading through the eastern settlements of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina. These tales no doubt struck fire in young Shannon's imagination, and as he was a younger son and there was little opportunity for him at home, his mind probably turned more and more toward the West.

After the Battle of Point Pleasant in 1774, Kentucky was made safer for settlement, and we can easily imagine William Shannon leaving the rolling and fertile acres that had been his home to plunge into the Western lands as a member of one of the numerous surveying parties that entered Kentucky in 1775 by floating down the Ohio River from Fort Pitt.

George Rogers Clark was now active in Kentucky and was chosen as the leader of the settlers there. On the sixth of June, 1776, he called a general meeting at Harrodsburg, and petitions to the government of Virginia, requesting the state to assert her claims to Ken-

tucky and establish a county government in that region, were drawn up and signed. On one of the petitions George Rogers Clark's signature appears first, immediately followed by William Shannon's. Although this document is undated, there can be little doubt from its content that it was one of those which Clark and Jones carried to Williamsburg. This petition is among the George Rogers Clark loose manuscript papers in the Virginia State Library. With this material are William Shannon's account book and his letter and order book. His letters, orders, and bills of exchange quoted or referred to in the following pages are taken from these manuscripts and are hitherto unpublished unless otherwise indicated.

After a lengthy contest in the General Assembly, Kentucky was finally separated from Fincastle County on December 7, 1776. Clark returned to Kentucky and established the government of the county at Harrodsburg. The times were hard; and terrified by Indian atrocities, many of the people had returned over the mountains to Virginia. Great numbers of Indians were roving through the woods, provisioned and incited by the British at Vincennes, Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and Detroit; and the settlers who remained were forced to congregate in the forts.

Clark dreamed of conducting an expedition against the British forts north of the Ohio River and set off to Virginia on October 1, 1777, to present his plan to Governor Patrick Henry. Finally it was approved, and on January 2, 1778, Clark received his instructions from the governor along with twelve thousand pounds and an order for boats and ammunition. After proceeding to Pittsburgh, he embarked down the Ohio with about a hundred and fifty men whom he had gathered. He stopped at the Falls of the Ohio in the latter part of May, fortified Corn Island, opposite what is now Louisville, and began to discipline his small army. Forces which he had expected under Smith did not materialize, but he was joined by Colonel John Bowman with some of the Kentucky militia. William Shannon was no doubt among these Kentuckians.

On the twenty-fourth day of June, 1778, Colonel Clark set out for Kaskaskia. The evening of July 4, this post fell into the hands of the Americans without an engagement. By astute handling of the French and Indians, Clark gained possession of Cahokia and Vincennes in a short while. The British retook Vincennes, December



17, 1778, and were in possession there until they were driven out as was described earlier when we first caught sight of Captain Shannon.

Now that Vincennes was his, Colonel Clark began to turn his hopes toward a move against Detroit. On March 6, 1779, he appointed Captain William Shannon, commissary and quartermaster general by the following order: "Cap<sup>t</sup> William Shannon is appointed Conductor General of Provision Stores and Quarter Master General to the Army in the Western and Illinois Department and is to be obeyed and respected as such—he will in Consequence of his said Appointment receive into his charge all Provisions, Stores &c. and by himself or Deputies at the Several Posts issue the same on Orders from the Several Officers."

This office was a great responsibility for a man of twenty-seven, and Clark's realization of the young captain's vigor, ability, and trustworthiness is evidenced. Not only were troops dependent on the food supplies which the commissary could procure, but the money matters and business of the expedition were intrusted to him.

Shannon at once began to administer the duties of his new office with characteristic promptness and energy. The very day of his appointment he directed the following letter to Patrick Kennedy:

S<sup>t</sup>. Vincents, March 6th 1779.

Sir/

In Consequence of Col<sup>o</sup> Clarks Orders of this date appointing me Con<sup>dr</sup> General, I have thought proper to depute you as my Assistant.— You will there-fore enter on the immediate execution of the several duties the Department may require, observing such directions as you may receive either from me or the Commander in Chief.—

As there is a Necessity to have Comfortable Barracks immediately built for the Troops, you will hire a sufficient Number of hands and have the same compleated in the best manner our situation will admit.—

Should you make any Contracts or engagements of any kind you will make them at the most reasonable price, and in all things remember the State expects Frugality and Acconomy from us.

I am Sir

Your &c—

W<sup>m</sup> Shannon

Con<sup>dr</sup> Gen<sup>l</sup>. W Dept.

Two days later Shannon dispatched a circular letter to the deputy commissaries at the posts in the Western Department instructing them as to the amount of flour, corn, beef, pork, salt, and liquor they should issue as the standard ration for each man. In a postscript to this letter he appointed new deputies at Vincennes and Kaskaskia. A letter on July 27, 1779, to Henry Croucher, deputy commissary at Kaskaskia, illustrates the careful method by which Shannon expected to keep the accounts of his department:

Sir

You will please draw Bills on me in behalf of the State of Virginia for all such Provisions Ammunition and other Necessaries as you may from time to time receive or be able to purchase for the use of the Troops in the Illinois Country.

I beg you to be careful of your Accounts so as your Proceedings may appear just and Equitable when you come to produce them—Pray observe as much frugality as possible in regard to expenses, so as Government may not think us extravagant in this Department—You will send me a duplicate of your Acco<sup>ts</sup>. every three months certified by the Commanding Officer at this Post, a Copy of which you will keep and furnish the Officer who may have the Command with another, so as if one should miscarry you have two others of the same tenor and date—Your compliance with these Instructions will be your own Security and recommend you to

Sir Your hble Ser<sup>vt</sup>.

W<sup>m</sup>. Shannon C Gen<sup>l</sup>.

Shannon's duties were most difficult owing to the unsettled conditions throughout the Colonies and especially on the Western frontier. In the first place, the American paper dollar was worth only about twelve cents at the beginning of the year 1779, and by the next year it was practically worthless. There was little coin in the Northwest, and it was necessary to resort to barter at times. On April 14, 1779, Colonel Clark ordered the commissary general to contract with the inhabitants for such necessities as the service might require and to pay the same in merchandise at such rates as could be agreed upon. This order was necessary because of the small value the inhabitants set on the currency. Shannon was also authorized to issue bills of exchange on the government of Virginia and on Oliver Pollock, the New Orleans financier who had espoused the American cause.

He also issued notes on Clark and others and bound himself in many instances. From the Falls of the Ohio, October 19, 1780, he dispatched a letter to Clark, in which he wrote, "Before I leave here I expect you will forward the Money to discharge the present Contracts as I have given my own Bonds payable about the Middle of January for every thing I contract." Again in December he informed Clark that, as he had written before, he had given his own bonds and that if money should not come, he expected no mercy from his creditors.

Those from whom Shannon purchased supplies always sought the best possible price and often refused to sell because they did not feel sure of his credit. When the commissary did make purchases, he could have obtained supplies with metal coin for one half what he was forced to contract to pay on credit.

While Clark, who had returned to Kaskaskia shortly after the occupation of Vincennes, was preparing for and eagerly anticipating the expedition against Detroit, Shannon was busily occupied with his duties throughout the Illinois country. His orders for the issue of supplies to the deputy commissary at Fort Clark appear on April 19, 20, 23, and 26. On the first of June he was at Kaskaskia and wrote an order for M. Carlevill to be paid eight piastres for damages to his canoe incurred in transporting supplies for the troops. This order was written in French and shows that from association with the French Creole population in the Northwest, Shannon had acquired the use of their language. That the young commissary was moving about from post to post is indicated by Captain Bowman's mention of his expected arrival at Cahokia in a letter to Clark dated June 3.

During the month of June, Shannon continued to write orders of issue and drafted a number of bills of exchange. Among other transactions he purchased thirty-six horses on the eighth of June for £15,858. He was having difficulty in purchasing any supplies from the people at Kaskaskia and addressed a letter (June 5) to the court in that town begging that it help him to procure the necessary provisions.

A letter of June 15 to De Leyba, the Spanish commandant at St. Louis, illustrates the conductor general's outspoken pronouncement of what he believed to be right:

Sir/

When you applied to me for Liberty to draw such Goods out of the Public Store as you might stand in need of for your own family, I had recourse to the Liberty Major Bowman gave you when we were at your house—Indeed I never once thought of either granting you, or any other person the Privilege of taking Goods out of the public Store on my own footing, and as to your engrossing a large Quantity of Goods at M<sup>r</sup>. Papas Price, I shall have nothing to do with it, as I shall leave you to settle for what you have taken either with M<sup>r</sup>. Pollock at Orleans, Congress or [Virginia State] Government or with whom they may appoint for that purpose.

On June 24, Shannon directed a letter to Captain Le Gras at Vincennes about the conduct of some of the officers at the post and asked him to try to persuade the inhabitants of the town to furnish the garrison with some corn and beef until he, Shannon, could arrange for another source of supply. Evidently the commissary had become completely exasperated with the officers, and he tells Le Gras that he had resolved to leave the garrison to shift for themselves, but "after Cooly Reflect'g on the Situation of the Country and the distress of the poor Inhabitants would be in if the Garrison were to be evacuated, which certainly would be the case if we were to go off without Endeavouring to make some further Provision than is at present made for the Troops stationed at this post," he canceled his resolution. (*George Rogers Clark Papers*, 1771-1781, Illinois Historical Collections.)

Through August, September, and October, 1779, Shannon wrote thirteen bills of exchange in payment for supplies for the troops, including quantities of cattle, corn, horses, beef, flour, and medicine. He also wrote almost innumerable orders for the issue of provisions, many of them for small scouting parties, and certified the working time of several carpenters.

At Clark's command, on November 9, Shannon interrupted his duties in the Illinois country to make the long and difficult journey to Williamsburg to present the accounts of the Western Department to the auditor of the Virginia government. Bodley states that "he took all Clark's original vouchers, consisting of over twenty thousand papers, . . . turned them over to the state auditor, and took his receipt to Clark for them."

That winter of 1779-80 was extremely severe. The ground was covered with snow when Shannon left Kentucky, and remained so until March. His long trek was made even more dangerous by the intense cold and the possibility of becoming lost in snowstorms and missing the trail. On his way from the Falls of the Ohio to Harrodsburg he lost a horse on Benson's Creek, for which he accounts in his statement of the disposition of government horses dated May 1, 1780. From Harrodsburg he proceeded to Cumberland Gap by Boone's famed Wilderness Trail. By December 12 he had crossed the Alleghenies and was in southwest Virginia or eastern Tennessee in the vicinity of Clinch River, where he mentions losing another horse. He occupied himself in this country in procuring supplies as Clark had ordered and made arrangements for them to be floated down the Tennessee River in the spring. Having finished his business, he pushed on toward Williamsburg. He must have stopped at the home of his eldest brother, Thomas, in Bedford County, Virginia, as it lay directly on his route.

On his arrival at Williamsburg, like Clark in 1775, Shannon doubtless paid a visit to the tailor, purchased some linen, and was soon arrayed in suitable dress to call on members of the state government and to wait upon the auditor. He probably attended strictly to his business with the governor and auditor and then set his face into the northwest winds to retrace his way across the mountains and return to the Falls of the Ohio.

When the snow was beginning at last to melt and winter was finally broken, Captain Shannon was back at his post. On April 12, 1780, he wrote two letters with regard to his duties as commissary. One of these letters, now in the Illinois Historical Collections, was to Evans Baker, commissary of Washington County, Virginia, in which Shannon stated that he was ordered to draw on Baker for six months provisions. The other letter to Captain James Francis Moore, one of the deputy commissaries, directed him to procure various supplies for the troops. Shannon further adds: "It will be necessary to purchase a large supply of Liquor Tea Sugar Coffee &c. as the State is under the Necessity of furnishing the officers with those articles."

In 1780 the British had begun activities in the Northwest, and in the spring of that year Clark hurried to Cahokia and St. Louis, where he successfully drove them off. He then hastily returned to

the Falls to protect Kentucky from Captain Bird and his Shawnee Indians. The Indians, afraid to attack Colonel Clark, dispersed and returned home after the reduction of several small forts on Licking Creek.

Clark then gathered a large force in Kentucky and in the summer proceeded on an expedition into Ohio against the Shawnees. Shannon wrote Colonel John Bowman on July 13 concerning this expedition. Colonel Bowman was to settle all accounts of provisions. In order to remedy any irregularities that might occur among the militia in procuring their own supplies, Colonel Bowman was to require the captain of each company to certify what provisions had been received from the commissary department and the certificates were to be signed by the field officer of the battalion. Here again the quartermaster was taking care that his accounts should be entirely "just and equitable."

Also, just three days before he wrote to Bowman, Shannon had commissioned Thomas Vickroy as deputy commissary of issues for the expedition by the following letter:

Sir/

You are hereby appointed Deputy Com<sup>y</sup> of Issues for the ensuing Expedition and in Consequence of which you will hold yourself in readiness to proceed with the provision Boats.

You will be carefull and as sparing of the Provisions as possible, the flour in Particular of which you will only issue one pound and a Quarter, p<sup>r</sup>. Ration and then only when it is particularly mentioned in the Returns.

As you will have a sufficient Quantity of Corn and there being a very small allowance of Meat you will make up that deficiency by issuing double Rations of Corn (say two Quarts) p<sup>r</sup>. Ration untill further Orders—

I am Sir Your hble Serv<sup>t</sup>

W<sup>m</sup>. Shannon

CondGen<sup>l</sup>. W<sup>t</sup>Dep<sup>t</sup>.

In order to administer his duties through the fall of 1780, Shannon was forced to give his own bonds in payment for supplies, as has been mentioned, and on December 11 in a letter summarized in the *Calendar of Virginia State Papers* he wrote directly to Thomas Jefferson, Governor of Virginia, concerning his situation in Kentucky. He desired to be informed of the exact nature of his commission from Colonel Clark and reported that he found it almost impossible to

procure supplies because the report had got out that his drafts on the treasury had been protested. He further reported that the army was destitute of military supplies and that with provisions scarce they could be bought only at the most extravagant prices. He said also that the garrison at Fort Jefferson at the mouth of the Ohio was suffering for want of the necessities of life and consequently there were many desertions.

It is evident that Clark's forces were in bad straits, and the Colonel, who still hoped to move against Detroit, was forced to confine his activities to forays and minor campaigns nearer home during the remainder of the Revolution.

The reply which the quartermaster general received from Governor Jefferson did not satisfy him, and he wrote the Governor again:

Louisville 15<sup>th</sup>. January 1781.

Sir

When I last had the honor of addressing your Excellency on the Subject I hoped that my Commission from Col<sup>o</sup>. Clark vested greater powers in me than your Excellency seems willing to allow of; from your last dispatches to Col<sup>o</sup>. Clark opened by the Commanding Officer at this place I learn that Bills drawn by me on the State will not be accepted till countersigned by Col<sup>o</sup>. Clark or Major Slaughter—Now it may often happen that as at present Col<sup>o</sup>. Clarks duty may call him to a different part of the State my duty may call me to a distant part of the State distant from Major Slaughter—under these Circumstances the Business of which I have the Superintendence will be much retarded and perhaps many of my Schemes for supplying the Troops may be wholly frustrated—I therefore if Col<sup>o</sup> Clarke thinks me worthy of continuing in the post he has appointed me to must solicit your Excellency for an Appointment under the Seal of the Commonwealth empowering me to draw upon the Treasury from time to time for such supplies as may be necessary for the support in the Department—I shall continue to act under my present Commission until I receive further Instructions from your Excellency.

I am Sir &c<sup>a</sup>

W<sup>m</sup>. Shannon C G

In a long letter to his commander written on the same date, Shannon includes the following with regard to the powers of his office:

When I last wrote you I wrote also to his Excellency the Governor—desiring to know how far my Commission from you would empower me to act as I cannot think of continuing in the post I now hold unless



properly commissioned by Government. I should be much obliged to you if you think me worthy of a recommendation from former Services if you would with Cap<sup>t</sup> Sullivan the bearer hereof be my Security to Government for the punctual discharge of my Duty and if the Nature of the Commission from Government will allow me to appoint my own Deputies, draw Bills on the Treasury for the discharge of Contracts &c<sup>a</sup> I make not the least doubt of being able to furnish you with every necessary you may stand in need of for the support of your Troops in this Department.

Although Shannon appointed his own deputies and these appointments seem to have been accepted, it is evident from his letter to Clark, August 10, 1781, that the government continued to require Clark's approval of his bills.

Difficulties in transportation had always caused the commissary general much trouble, and now these difficulties seemed nearly insurmountable. At the Falls, February 28, he ordered a large quantity of beef to be brought there from Boone's Station. By May 18, almost three months later, he had not yet received the beef because of insufficiency of pack horses and lack of men to guard the movement. Nevertheless, despite discouraging circumstances, he was active in his office, buying whiskey, flour, four flat-bottomed boats, kegs, salt, corn, tar, beef, and canoes. In the *Journals of the Council of the State of Virginia* are records of warrants of credit varying in amount from three hundred to twenty-two thousand pounds issued for him between January 20, 1781, and June 23 of the same year. On March 20, Clark wrote Shannon that it would be necessary for him to procure about one thousand deer skins for moccasins and any other articles that an army might want. The commander observed with terse humor, "It is hardly probable you will have too much."

During that spring (April 13, 1781) Captain Shannon was charged by Major Slaughter with misconduct in his purchasing, and he faced the charges before an investigating commission appointed by Clark. He was accused of having refused to buy some quantities of both whiskey and corn and of later buying the same commodities at a higher price after they had been sold to a third party with whom he was said to be in collusion. In both cases it was shown that Shannon had attempted to buy from the first party but that his offers had been refused. The commissioners were satisfied that Shannon's deal-

ings had been above reproach, and Major Slaughter himself wrote the following letter (Illinois Collections) to Governor Jefferson:

Salt River, 14th April, 1781.

Sir

From the copy of the proceedings of the Commissioners appointed to examine into the Conduct of Capt. William Shannon Commissary &c. in the Departm<sup>t</sup> you will see that I have not proved all the charges Exhibited against him by my Letter to you of the 17th Jan<sup>y</sup> last—I have nothing further to say in Justification of my Conduct than that I had put too much confidence in information received from Gentlemen whom I before thought were men of strict veracity & Honor, and as I have been inadvertently led to make those Charges I am in duty bound to do that Justice to Cap<sup>t</sup> Shannons Character which appears to be due from the proceedings above referred to, & hope that no part of the information formerly given by me will further injure him in your esteem. I am

Sir with the utmost respect Your Excellencys M. Ob

Serv<sup>t</sup>

Geo. Slaughter.

In a spirited reply to a letter from Colonel John Todd the quartermaster manifested a vigorous self-reliance in the face of criticism:

Louisville July 31st 1781

Sir

Yours dated the 19<sup>th</sup>. July I have received The truth is I do not clearly understand its General Meaning if it has any at all so I cannot pretend to give any regular Answer—However I have as my last resources applied to L<sup>t</sup> Col<sup>o</sup>. Montgomery for a sufficiency of horses &c to bring the Provisions from yours and the other stations.

As to the perceptibility of my services which you hint—I am very easy, conscious in my own mind of the rectitude of my Conduct—The creeping Efforts of the Scoundrelly part of the Creation I have long since learned to despise but hope notwithstanding your opinion of me differs from theirs as I cannot think of ranking you in such an unworthy class . . . .

I am Sir with Esteem yours &c<sup>a</sup>.

W<sup>m</sup>. Shannon

C G Ill<sup>t</sup>. Dep<sup>t</sup>. &c

On the twenty-first of June, 1781, the House of Delegates of the State of Virginia had passed a resolution that the accounts of all the

commissaries, quartermasters, and contractors who were concerned with the disbursement of public funds in the Western Country should be audited. The next month (July 20) the Council advised that considering the expense and inconvenience of calling quartermasters to the seat of government, it would be best to appoint five "able, discreet, and disinterested persons" to go into the Western Country to settle accounts.

In consequence of this action by the state government William Shannon began to endeavor to get his accounts in readiness and dispatched this advertisement throughout the region:

Government having thought proper to call for an immediate Settlement of all the Public Acco<sup>ts</sup>. in this Department—I do therefore hereby notify all persons whatsoever having any Bills Receipts Certificates or other Acco<sup>ts</sup> which are to be settled with me or under my direction &c<sup>a</sup>. forthwith to repair to the Falls of Ohio for that purpose on or before the first day of October next at which time the Acco<sup>ts</sup>. will be closed nor can any acco<sup>ts</sup>. be received by me after that date that have been before transacted.

W<sup>m</sup>. Shannon  
Com<sup>y</sup> & Qu M G W D

Falls of Ohio, July 21<sup>st</sup>. 1781

Shannon, however, was to be much longer in closing his accounts than October, 1781, and it was a good many years before they were completely settled—a long and wearisome process. On October 2, he wrote Clark stating that he found he could not close his accounts while in active service and asked that someone be appointed to assume his duties. This request was not complied with.

The unpublished papers of Colonel William Fleming in the McCormick Library, Washington and Lee University, show that the commissioners to settle the Western accounts had been appointed and on January 29, 1782, were given their instructions. But there was a great deal of delay; and these commissioners, William Fleming, Thomas Marshall, Samuel McDowell, and Caleb Wallace, did not meet in Kentucky until late in the fall of that year.

In the meantime, Captain Shannon resigned his office on May 6 and tendered his bill to the state for pay due him. In less than a month after this he left Kentucky to proceed down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans, accompanying a boat load of flour

estimated at upwards of ten thousand pounds in weight. He delivered this flour to Captain Thomas Patterson and no doubt attended to other business. Although there is no record of the events of his journey down the Father of Waters, it requires little imagination to picture the experiences that were his, while New Orleans itself offered a taste of a civilization that was new to him.

From New Orleans, Shannon took ship for some port on the Atlantic, probably Philadelphia. The copy of the letter to Captain Patterson in Shannon's letter book, dated July 22, 1782, is not in his own handwriting, and the place from which it was written is missing. In it he relates: "I arrived here after a prosperous passage of 34 dayes Exclusive of the time I staid at the Havana. . . . I doubt not before now you have sold it [the flour] to advantage. You will Wherefore pay the proceeds to Mess<sup>rs</sup>. Barnard & Mitchel Gratz [?] Merchants in Philadelphia. . . . I am Just Setting off for Virginia where I hope to have the pleasure of seeing M<sup>r</sup>. Pollock who I here in safety landed at or Near Chesapeake Bay."

Shannon had expected to meet Colonel Daniel Clark in Richmond and to confer with him about his accounts. Colonel Clark was tardy in coming, and Shannon wrote him on September 10 that he could not wait as his return to the Falls of the Ohio was urgent. It was necessary for him to be back in Kentucky because the commissioners would soon be there to audit his books and vouchers.

Governor Harrison wrote the commissioners further instructions on September 6, and William Fleming left his home in Botetourt County on October 2 to proceed to Kentucky. By the first of November he had arrived at Harrodsburg and with the other commissioners prepared to carry forward the business. Their progress was very slow, and they remained in Kentucky well into the spring of 1783.

On March 14, 1783, William Shannon was still trying to close his accounts and addressed the following letter to Colonel William Pope:

Sullivans old Station 14 March 1783

Sir

You told me you was Executor for Capt Charles Coloson and had an account of his to settle with Me. I therefore request you to come and have it Adjusted this Evening or Tomorrow as I intend next day

setting off for Lincoln in order to settle the whole of My accounts with the Commissioners and as he was employed in the service of the state of Virginia at the time I Became Debtor to him in behalf of the state you will therefore not neglect to avail your self of this opportunity of settling as I will not after that date take in or settle any Accounts of a public Nature but shall Close My accounts for settlement

I am Sir Your Hum<sup>l</sup>.

Serv<sup>t</sup>

William Shannon

William Fleming mentions in his journal, now in the Draper Collection, meeting Shannon, Clark, and others at Harrodsburg about this time (January 4-April 22). But in spite of all Shannon's care the unsettled times were against him, and Fleming reported in a written statement to the legislature that "as it appears by Mr. Shannons Books that he drew Bills countersigned by General Clark, for Articles of a mixed nature, some appearing to be purchased by depreciated Curry [currency], whilst others are not, and many of his Vouchers being lodged with the Auditors, the Commissioners can not in Justice fix the Paiment of these Bills, either by the scale or any other way in their power."

It was not until 1790 that Shannon, as a member of the Virginia General Assembly representing Jefferson County, at that time one of the three divisions of Kentucky, was able to have his unpaid Revolutionary accounts finally adjusted. On December 28, 1790, the General Assembly passed an act which ordered his warrants to be honored and directed the auditor to pay William Shannon "the sum of two thousand and twenty-six pounds six shillings and one penny farthing which appears to be due him by the account aforesaid." Even as late as October 15 of the next year Governor Beverley Randolph ordered one of Shannon's bills of exchange dated August 9, 1779, to be honored.

After 1783 William Shannon became busy with his surveyor's compass. There is a record of one thousand acres on the waters of Bullskin Creek which he surveyed on January 17, 1784; and in 1792 General Clark wrote in a letter to his brother, which is printed in W. H. English's *Conquest of the Country Northwest of the Ohio River*, "This I have from Captain Shannon who hath been in the woods surveying all this spring." No doubt Shannon's movements

through Kentucky in search of supplies had given him ample opportunity to see and lay claim to valuable tracts. At any rate, he had been entering claims at the land office since May, 1780, and from the close of the Revolution until his death he continued to record additions to his holdings until they amounted to over eighty-three thousand acres.

In June, 1792, Kentucky was separated from Virginia and became a state. One of the first acts of the Kentucky Assembly was to create, on June 28, Shelby County from part of Jefferson County. Much of William Shannon's land and his residence were within the bounds of the new county. When the county court met, October 15, 1792, to select a location for the county seat and courthouse, Shannon was present, since one of the sites under consideration was on his land. He pointed out that there were several fine springs at that place and offered to donate an acre on which the courthouse would be built and to lay off the surrounding fifty acres in suitable lots. His offer was accepted by the court, and the new town of Shelbyville was located near what was Owen's Station. The county then honored Shannon by sending him as its first representative to the Kentucky legislature in 1793.

Some time earlier he had brought several of his brothers and sisters and possibly his mother to Kentucky from Pennsylvania. Late in 1791 or in the spring of 1792 his eldest brother, Thomas, with his family moved from Amherst County, Virginia, to join them. Thus reunited with his family and prominent in his section of the state, Shannon seemed favored by fortune and might have looked forward to wider horizons.

Again lured by military life, he was preparing to go as an officer with Wayne against the Indians when a most unhappy incident occurred to cut short his life while he was yet only a year or two over forty. There had been a difficulty between him and a man named Felty or Felter, who lived in Shelbyville. The quarrel had been adjusted, and Shannon had been invited to the man's house for a meal. At the table Felter's wife said something that reawoke the ill-feeling. Shannon, angered at the language used, rose from the table and left the house. As he was crossing the street, a warning was shouted to him; and looking around, he saw Felter in the act of throwing a stone at him. With speed and agility developed from

years of frontier life, he sent his dirk whistling toward Felter. The dirk struck and killed Felter. Shannon was unable to avoid the stone, which struck him on the head; and he died the next day, July 5, 1794.

William Shannon was one of those hardy and intelligent frontiersmen who made possible the United States; for unless the British had been checked in the Northwest, the Revolution might well have been lost. He was a fighter, impulsive and robust, and demanded responsibility and efficiency of himself and others. There was little of the sentimental about him. Yet he had an abounding love for his country and threw himself wholeheartedly into her struggles. He was respected for his integrity, and his fellow citizens intrusted him with their voice in matters of state. In spite of his quick temper and his insistence on correctness, he was not harsh. It is said that he was very much liked by the Indians and that they showed him kindness on several occasions. He never married, but he had an affectionate regard for his family, to whom, including nieces and nephews, he left in specified amounts almost his entire estate. It is a pity that he could not have lived longer, for he gave promise of becoming one of Kentucky's more illustrious sons.



## CHEKHOV'S "THE BET"

J. RIVES CHILDS

AS EVERYONE knows, Anton Chekhov is one of the world's greatest masters of the short story. I first discovered him in Brentano's in Paris during the World War when I came in from the front, looking for convenient pocket-size volumes of the classics. The Constance Garnett translation of his stories was just beginning to be published in England, and I seized upon those available, not only for their convenient size, but more particularly for the reason that I was becoming convinced that, in fiction, Russian fiction leads all the rest. A primary test of a great writer, of course, is that he never tires. On the basis of that test Chekhov is for many the greatest of all writers of fiction. For my part I read and reread the thirteen volumes of his short stories; they remain as fresh and as emotionally cathartic as when read the first time.

One of the most extraordinary stories of Chekhov is "The Bet" which appears, on interior evidence, to have been written about the year 1885. The story concerns a wager made by a wealthy banker with a young lawyer twenty-five years of age. At a dinner given by the banker, discussion centers about which is the more humane punishment, the death penalty or life imprisonment. The young lawyer expresses the opinion that if he had to choose he would prefer the latter. The banker, carried away by the excitement of the discussion, offers to bet "two millions" that the young man would not remain in solitary confinement for five years. The lawyer, accepting the wager, offers to remain fifteen years. The bet is carried out. The young man is given a room in a lodge in the banker's garden. Under the terms of the agreement the only relations the voluntary prisoner may have with the outside world are by a small window through which books, musical instruments, food and drink are passed to him.

Chekhov assists us in following the development of the prisoner's mind by a description of the books he chooses. During the first year he makes a choice of books of a light character, in the second year the classics, while in the fifth year he ceases for a time to read at all. In the sixth year his reading is resumed and he calls for books on lan-

guages, philosophy, and history to the number, during the ensuing four years, of some six hundred volumes. Thereafter he turns to the Gospels, followed by theological works and histories of religion. But during the last two years of his confinement he reads quite indiscriminately, his reading suggesting "a man swimming in the sea among the wreckage of his ship."

On the evening before the expiration of the fifteen years the banker paces his study, deeply disturbed by the realization that, owing to financial reverses he has suffered, payment of the wager will mean his ruin. Finally, after much meditation, he goes stealthily out to the lodge determined to kill the prisoner. Peeping through the window to the prisoner's room, the banker observes him seated motionless at his table. Cautiously breaking the seals of the door, he enters. He finds a man terribly emaciated, with hair streaked with silver whom no one would have believed was only forty.

He is about to stifle the prisoner with a pillow when he notes a sheet of paper in fine handwriting on the table. The letter, which is addressed to the banker, expresses the writer's renunciation of the world and of the two millions he is about to gain. To prove how much he despises the ideals of the world of the banker, the prisoner announces his intention of leaving the lodge five hours before the expiration of the time fixed for his departure on the morrow, thus absolving the banker of payment of the bet.

The story of "The Bet," which is narrated in about three thousand words, is a powerfully moving episode. In reading and rereading it I have long marveled as to the circumstances which gave it birth. Was it the product entirely of Chekhov's imagination or was it suggested by some comparable bet of which he had heard or read? My curiosity was satisfied entirely unexpectedly. In turning over the pages of the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* of March 10, 1939, my eye was caught, under a page of miscellany, by the following account of a wager made in 1860 by Lord Cecil with an American named Walter Hastings:

They [Lord Cecil and Walter Hastings] had been arguing over the effect of solitary confinement on the human mind, Hastings inclining to the view that it was not such a terrible punishment as many people supposed. Lord Cecil, however, refused to agree with him, and jokingly offered £10,000 to any man who would submit to voluntary confinement for a

period of ten years. Hastings immediately took him at his word, and allowed himself to be imprisoned in a small room at Lord Cecil's home on May 2, 1860. He was supplied with candles, books, and writing materials and fed at regular intervals by servants whom he was not allowed to see. Hastings kept to his bargain, emerging from his improvised cell exactly ten years later, but although only thirty-five years old he looked like a man of seventy. He duly collected his £10,000 from Lord Cecil and returned to America, where he died four years later.

The incident of Lord Cecil's bet is, unmistakably, the source of Chekhov's remarkable story. The wager made in 1860 must have attracted wide attention in the world press, both when it was contracted as well as when the wager was fulfilled ten years later in 1870.

The occasion of the bet, as actually made between Cecil and Hastings, is almost exactly paralleled in the story as recounted by Chekhov. The voluntary imprisonment to which the young lawyer subjected himself in the Russian writer's story follows closely the manner in which Hastings submitted himself to be confined. There is also a striking identity between the character of the objects which the two prisoners were permitted to receive. Here, however, the parallel between the story as actually enacted in real life and as portrayed for us by Chekhov ends.

I have not undertaken to examine the contemporary newspaper accounts of Hastings's imprisonment, and it may even be that Chekhov had access to a description of the books supplied the young American. That appears, however, unlikely, for it is here that we begin to savor the full dramatic flavor of Chekhov's narrative. It is believed altogether improbable that, if an account of Hastings's choice of reading matter were available, it would afford us any such deep psychological insight into the trial of the young man's spirit such as Chekhov so poignantly discloses. Here the great mind of the Russian comes into full play. Here the work of art emerges, so different from "real life" and yet so much more lifelike to the reader than any possible reality.

The end which Chekhov gives the story is, of course, in the highest degree dramatic and quite different from the ending as it actually occurred, quite different, indeed, in its dramatic character from most of the endings given by the Russian to his stories. It is a fact that

one of the distinguishing characteristics of Chekhov as a short story writer is the strangely inconclusive manner in which his stories generally end. In this respect "The Bet" is a notable exception. In choosing the end which he gave his story Chekhov evidenced, however paradoxically it may appear, his great fidelity as a writer to life: to life not as it seems to us from the evidence of our senses but to life as those who are capable of seeing beneath the surface of things view it. It is that which after all constitutes great art, whether it is in literature or in the plastic or graphic arts.

## MY MOTHER AND THE FOURTH DIMENSION

SARAH NEWMAYER

AS I REACHED for the telephone I smiled—it was the first time it had ever rung so early on a Saturday morning and found me awake. It was not quite seven; yet, without any apparent reason for it, I had been wide awake for an hour, and unaccountably happy. I answered, and heard my brother's voice three thousand miles away: "Sarah, this is Dick. Mother passed away an hour ago."

After I had hung up the receiver and begun to realize—I simply could not while my brother was talking to me—that I would never see my mother again in this world, the first thought that brought any comfort was: well, at least she knows now that there is no death, that she is still existing.

As long as I can remember, that had been the underlying question of my mother's brilliant, logical mind: Does individual life exist after death?

From childhood I had always been mentally closer to her than anyone else in the family. But I am one of those born with the conviction of immortality. It is not rooted in any religion. It may spring from egotism, but it is certainly not a product of wishful thinking. Twice in my life my deepest desire was to be obliterated completely and forever—and at these very times my deepest despair was my profound conviction that life is forever inescapable.

I sometimes tried to get this conviction of immortality across to my mother in a way that she could share, but my views only baffled her. She would say: "You are not presenting reasons or even arguments. You are merely making statements unbacked by any proofs."

"But how can you have material proofs of an unmaterial state?" I would ask, as baffled as she.

"Well, don't expect me to believe what doesn't satisfy my reason," she would retort. "And as far as immortality is concerned, I'm not at all interested in being part of some Mysterious All that I come from and return to, as a ray of sunshine is one with the sun or a drop of water returns to become part of the sea. Individuality is the one thing I don't want to lose—for myself or for those I love."

I always felt like cheering when my mother defied Death and all its angels like this; when she said, in effect: "To Hell with immortality if it does not mean *me*—if it simply absorbs me, nameless and dissolved, into some big reservoir of Life Principle."

I had just as little respect or desire for anonymous immortality, but I could never believe that immortality operates in that fashion. I have somehow never been able to believe I could ever be anything else—or less—than I. One day an analogy which seemed to me very illuminating came to mind and I quickly passed it on to her: "Where is the baby I used to be? It did not die, though not one physical fragment of it now remains. It has completely disappeared in the process of nature. Yet the *essence* that made me as a baby different from all the other babies in the world is the fundamental, ineradicable, intangible something that makes me as an adult different from every other person in the world. That essence came into the world with me—in fact, it alone was me—and it is the only thing that will go out of the world with me. It is the only thing that gives my mind and body and personality the individual nature that identifies me. All this material being that you see as me is only its *shadow*. When the time comes that you can no longer see the shadow, it won't mean that you no longer see *me*, because you have never seen me. You have seen only my effect or reflection on this particular plane we call the world. If I should turn a corner into another world, you would have to wait until you turned the corner too, before you could see my shadow again.

"You watched me grow slowly from baby to adult, so you were never shocked or blinded by sudden change. Yet all the material substance, all the material bodies that you identified as me through those many gradual changes are irretrievably gone through the processes of nature. In death the change is only more abrupt and communication seems severed forever.

"Yet it is only our *means* of communication that is severed. The sending and receiving apparatus continues as before. Actually, the means of communication between us changed from stage to stage of our lives, though we never stopped to think of it. The communication by letter or telephone between mother and adult daughter miles apart is very different from the immediate communication between mother and baby when that same daughter was an infant. The means

or processes are different, but the result is the same—the transference of ideas from mind to mind.

“But why are we so sure that a *means* of communication is necessary? What blocks direct communication between mind and mind? Can it possibly be mental laziness? When I was a little girl I remember grandma saying: ‘A lazy man always goes to the most pains.’ I know for myself that *thinking*—not wishful dreaming or lazy remembering or vague hoping, but basic, logical, intent and clear-cut *thinking*—is the hardest thing in the world to do and requires severe self-discipline; in fact, most of us have to be forced by hard circumstances or great pressure of some kind, from within or without, to get down to concentrated, fundamental thinking. It is so much easier to take the longer way ’round by *doing* a lot of things to solve a problem or drowning it in a babble of words which have little relation to actual thought.

“Most of us take an infinite amount of pains to avoid thinking, for the last thing the human animal likes to do is to think. So, as a substitute for the clear, intent thought that could—and often does, under intense stress or in moments of deeply felt emotion or unity—communicate itself directly from mind to mind, we have developed a vocal and written speech as a means or *crutch* for communicating the half-thinking we do. Then, because we have made ourselves dependent on tangible means for conveying intangible thoughts, we must develop another link in our clumsy communication system. Having selected the word-crutch to carry our thoughts and emotions stumblingly to another mind, we often need a further carrier: train, boat, airplane, telephone wire, radio beam. And, at the end of all this involved, ingenious system built up over thousands of years *for the mere transference of intangible ideas*, the individual at the receiving end must retranslate our words into what he thinks we have thought! In all this scrambling and unscrambling process is it any wonder that there is so much misunderstanding between individuals and nations today?

“By dependence on word-crutches, we have weakened and completely lost sight of our own direct power of thought-locomotion. Then, when death takes away the crutch of words, we feel that through losing the *accustomed* means of communication, we have lost communication itself. But we haven’t. We have lost merely our



*lameness* of communication which had been brought about by the unnecessary use of the crutch. We still have our original but neglected power of direct communication from mind to mind—always existent because never dependent upon material means.

"This is not an argument for so-called 'spirit' communication," I pointed out to my mother, "because 'spirit' communication contradicts itself by requiring *material* means for manifesting itself, thereby destroying its own validity. Whether on this plane or another, and with or without the material body, there is only one genuine communication—mind to mind. Each state or stage of consciousness has its own substitute or crutch for conveying communication. But the crutch dissolves with the passing of the state that developed it. Only the mind transcends the material state and can exist without it."

I got some small glimmering of this the day my mother died. On that day I realized that the most frantic demand of grief is communication with the one who has gone, the imperative desire for assurance that she is safe and happy: "Is it well with you?" Again and again that day my grief-stricken mind rose almost in a scream at the Universe: "You are alive and happy, dear Mama, aren't you! You *know* you are living, don't you—that you are *you*! You *must* know it."

Only one who has gone through the experience can understand how the mind, freed from its petty self by the sharp knife of grief, stands bold and imperative at the door of death loudly demanding that it open to immortality.

I poured out these thoughts to the friend who spent part of that day with me. She is a realist with a clear, logical mind somewhat like my mother's. She took me home to dinner with her that night. Her kitchenette was so tiny that it would not hold both of us; so she bobbed in and out of it, exchanging an occasional word with me as I walked up and down her living room. I have often been at her house, but I can't recall ever having glanced through one of the hundreds of books that line her walls. On this particular evening, however, in my nervous pacing up and down, my hand went out automatically to her shelf and took down a book without so much as a glance at its title. I opened the book, as I had selected it, purely at random and my eyes fell on this sentence: "The world of a dog is two-dimensional; our third dimension is for it in time."

It is impossible to describe the instantaneous and profound illumination that single sentence gave me. I subsequently read the book and realized that I had grasped its entire essence in the first reading of that sentence. Everything in it that I later read only deepened and emphasized that first flash of understanding.

My friend happened to enter the room at that moment and I exclaimed: "What is this book? Oh, if I had only known of it a few months ago! I'm sure it has the answer for which my mother was searching most of her life."

My friend expressed surprise that she had never happened to mention the book to me before and that I had never noticed it on her shelf. She asked me how I had happened to pick it up then. I said I had not even noticed what I was taking off her shelf. I had paid no more attention to what I was doing than one does to a cigarette picked up and lighted casually.

Before I left her house that night I had read more than one hundred pages in the book. The next evening about the same time I had dinner with her again, and again took the book off the shelf. As I took it down, I said: "Do you know, strangely enough, I haven't the feeling of regret which I had last night on finding this book—regret that I had not found it in time for her. I somehow feel that since yesterday morning my mother has been actually experiencing what I *read* last night."

And then one of those peculiar double flashes of thought (direct mental communication!) struck us both at the same instant. We stared at each other, and my friend spoke the question that had come to us both: "Why did your hand reach out last night and automatically select that one book of the hundreds that are in this room?"

"It may have been just coincidence," I replied, "but isn't it possible that my finding this book twelve hours after she died was a direct transference of thought from her mind to mine?"

"I am sure of it," said my normally skeptical friend.

The book was *Tertium Organum* by the great Russian mathematician and philosopher, P. D. Ouspensky.\* Although I did not need

\* P. D. Ouspensky, *Tertium Organum*, translated from the Russian by Nicholas Bessaraboff and Claude Bragdon (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1922). Permission for the quotations from this volume in the following pages has been granted by the publishers.

its clear logic to reinforce my own conviction of immortality, it was a profound satisfaction to be able to read within twelve hours after my mother's death a book which I know would have convinced her logical mind, had she still been on this plane, of the immortality I was sure she was beginning to *understand through experience* on another plane.

Because there are many people like my mother—brilliant, logical thinkers—who are consciously or subconsciously tormented by that same questioning of immortality which troubled her for so many years, I am going to try to introduce the reader to the principal line of thought in *Tertium Organum* that with such profound yet simple logic and clarifying analogy illuminates that tremendous subject. There are many details and ramifications of theory in the book with which I do not agree. In principle, however, it is only a different statement, on a different level of thought, of my own convictions.

Although the sentence my eyes first fell upon occurs on page 107, I am starting with it and continuing not in the order of the book, but in the sequence in which I read the different passages. After many of the passages I have ventured to put down at some length my own ideas on the subject. Some of these ideas came to me independently of the book long before I read it; others have been suggested by the book; and still others, half realized in my own thought, have been brought to greater development by what I read in *Tertium Organum*. I am eternally grateful to the author, Professor Ouspensky, and to his translators. Because of that I want to introduce their book to those who, like my mother, must bring even the hope of immortality to the bar of reason.

"The world of a dog is two-dimensional; our third dimension is for it in time." Then perhaps we three-dimensional humans, here and now, live in a world of four or more dimensions. But as we are able to *perceive* only three dimensions, may we not occasionally confuse certain unknown but present properties of the fourth dimension with properties of the three dimensions we know? And may not this ignorant, confused thinking blind us to a new (to us) dimension that actually lies all about us, envelops us, but which we cannot experience or even see until we begin to *understand* it? We can never hope to understand it, however, through the five physical senses because they all belong to the three-dimensional world.

The first step into the new world, or extra dimension, is to obtain a mental concept of it or, at the very least, to open our minds to it enough to admit its possibility—rather, its probability—*here and now*, as all-pervading as the height, breadth, and depth of the world we see and *inseparable* from it, not because the fourth dimension is an *extension* of the other three but because it *necessarily* includes them. It seems almost too obvious to point out that a *fourth* dimension would be impossible without inclusion of the other three.

It is a significant fact that as the dimensions rise in number, they include within themselves all the other dimensions. That is, although the first dimension is merely a single measure, length, the second dimension is not *merely* breadth but length *and* breadth, because there can be no breadth where there is not also length. And, of course, the third dimension must have both length and breadth before depth is possible. Therefore the common practice of referring to any but the first dimension as a *separate measure* is somewhat confusing. It is worth noting that in mathematics the more exact terms of square and cube are used. This striving for exactness might seem trivial did it not suggest an illuminating analogy: as the higher dimension includes all the lesser dimensions, may not individuals who have passed on into a new dimension retain or include in their more largely realized world all the lesser dimensions experienced; and see, in a more complete but no less actual fashion, the friends that still inhabit that lesser dimension? In reality, there is no new or different world to pass into but simply a larger and more completely realized view of the only world there is.

I am convinced that one who has risen into a perception of the fourth dimension can and does comprehend this world, which he has not *left* but which has been enlarged for him into its more complete dimensions. The only sense of separation is in three-dimensional minds that cannot yet perceive the infinite extent and indivisibility of the world which they now and always will inhabit. This world will appear to enlarge and improve as their thinking expands into further dimensions. As St. Paul writes (*italics mine*): "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know *in part*; but then shall I know *even as also I am known*" (I Cor. 13:12).

I do not believe we should attempt to get a glimpse of this fourth dimension through dream, vision, trance, or any supernatural or in-

duced state (and in this I differ somewhat from Ouspensky) but to *think* our way through with logic and reason, as did Copernicus when he discovered the solar system. His first perception of the vast universe that incloses our tiny world did not come to him in trance or vision but as a mental concept, an *idea which he admitted to his mind* and then worked out mentally, beginning to develop material proofs as he progressed.

If we were to admit mentally the present existence of an additional dimension not yet perceivable by any of our senses, and develop our mental recognition of it by returning again and again to it in logical thought processes, might we not eventually develop a sixth, nonphysical sense that could actually perceive or touch it in some communicable way? Such a development in the scale of mental evolution would be no more remarkable than the evolutionary development of eyes in fish as their original prototypes, swimming eyeless in their world of water, became *aware* of the light around them which they had no *instrument*—or sense—for perceiving. As any high-school evolutionist will attest, the power which caused the evolution of the fish's eyes was *awareness* of light and a *desire* (however embryonic or protoplasmic) to experience it more fully; i.e., sight is the most complete realization of light; therefore fish developed eyes. But even today, millions or billions of years since the eyes of fish developed, there is still a species found in completely underground rivers that have no eyes at all. Thoughtful consideration of these facts seems to reverse the old saying "seeing is believing" in "believing is (or will bring about) seeing."

The practical thinker may not see any advantage to this practical world in being vitally concerned with a dimension beyond those three we now perceive. Well, then, let him consider this fact: this very earth, which we now know to be a globe, was in medieval times actually for all *practical* purposes, merely a two-dimensional disc. Its inhabitants, in all their practical affairs and business, were limited and even terrified by their own two-dimensional geographical thinking until Columbus literally enlarged their horizon by another earth dimension—which of course had existed all the time. It is not only geographically and in medieval times that the *thinking* of this world's inhabitants conditions and limits their acts and even creates their material surroundings. As thought expands, it perceives principles

which have always existed—or they wouldn't be principles—but which do not become usable except as they are perceived and understood.

Our modern wonders—aerodynamics, electricity, the radio, etc.—are all based on principles that existed a million years ago exactly as they do today. Yet the *usable* manifestation: i.e., the application of the principle, had to wait until the principle was mentally comprehended. The chain of progression is:

- (1) the principle;
- (2) mentality developed enough to grasp the principle;
- (3) mentality developing the principle in material application; and
- (4) activity of developing principle in material application stimulates further mental capacity to comprehend more of the same principle, of other related principles, or of entirely new—or, more exactly, undiscovered principles.

There is a growing feeling today that we are approaching the ultimate *usability* of material inventions. That further development in this field will continue and even increase to a materially miraculous extent is unquestionable, but of what *use* to three-dimensional creatures are inventions that annihilate time, space, heat, cold, and other properties of a three-dimensional world if they annihilate also the inhabitants of that world?

Perhaps the useful limits of the three-dimensional world have been reached and it is time for us to extend our horizon, to move into a larger world—to move voluntarily by fresh processes of thought, or to be removed violently by the destructive forces of our own inventions. (“God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions”—inventions which now seem bent on turning back on their creators to annihilate them.) Perhaps it is time for us, like Columbus in his day, to enlarge our world by a new dimension.

I think it might be illuminating to look at the creature which, though it exists in the same world which to us appears three-dimensional, yet confines itself, according to Ouspensky, to only one dimension: the snail. Ouspensky writes of it:

We know nothing about its inner life, but undoubtedly its receptivity resembles ours scarcely at all. In all probability the snail possesses some obscure sensations of its environment. Probably it feels heat, cold,

light, darkness, hunger—and it instinctively (i.e., urged by pleasure-pain guidance) strives to reach the uneaten edge of the leaf on which it rests, and instinctively avoids the dead leaf. Its movements are guided by *pleasure-pain*: it constantly strives toward the one, and away from the other. It *always moves upon a single line*, from the unpleasant to the pleasant, and in all probability except for this line is not conscious of anything and does not sense anything.

I should like to interrupt Ouspensky long enough to remark that there are some three-dimensional beings who seem to have reduced their world to the single dimension of the snail. Like the snail's, their one-track activity appears to be an effort to escape pain and capture pleasure. On this single line they shuttle back and forth, never fully avoiding the one end or attaining the other. True of these people, also, are Ouspensky's further remarks on the snail's one-track consciousness.

This line is its entire world. . . . It is more than probable that the snail is not conscious of its movements. Making efforts with its entire body it moves forward to the fresh edge of the leaf, but it seems as if the leaf were coming to it, appearing at that moment, coming out of time *as the morning* comes to us.

The higher animals—the dog, cat, the horse—are two-dimensional beings. To the higher animal all space appears as a surface, as a *plane*. Everything out of this plane lives for it in time.

Thus we see that the higher animal—the two-dimensional being compared with the one-dimensional—extracts or *captures from time one more dimension*.

For such a being *a new sun* will rise every day. Yesterday's sun is gone, and will not appear again; tomorrow's does not as yet exist.

Rostand did not understand the psychology of *Chantecler*. The cock could not think that he woke up the sun by his crowing. To him the sun does not go to sleep, it goes into the past, disappears, suffers annihilation, *ceases to be*. If it comes on the morrow it will be a new sun, just as for us with every new year comes *a new spring*.

For the animal *a new sun* rises every morning, just as for us *a new morning* comes with every day, *a new spring* with every year.

The animal is not in a position to understand that the sun is the same yesterday and today, EXACTLY IN THE SAME WAY THAT WE PROB-



ABLY CANNOT UNDERSTAND THAT THE MORNING IS THE SAME AND THE SPRING IS THE SAME.

Is it not possible that eternity, or more exactly speaking eternality, is the fourth dimension? The most profound contemporary scientists, particularly Einstein, seem convinced that a time-space concept points to the fourth dimension. Millenniums ago this modern concept was again and again indicated by Biblical seers:

One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. (II Peter)

And swore by him that liveth for ever and ever. . . . that there should be time no longer. (Revelation)

But is time actually the word the modern savants mean? It seems to me that the exact word, as more clearly indicated by the ancient seers, is eternity—but eternity regarded as non-time rather than merely an infinite extension of time. Consider the fact that all of us three-dimensional creatures, Einstein and other scientists included, *in practice* regard time as though it were a property or continuation of one or more of the three known dimensions: A property of length or the extension of space—how *long* will it take to get there? Of age or the extension of growth—how *old* is he? Of physical occurrence—*when* did it happen: past, present, or future? Actually there is no such thing as time; the time-concept is only a confused three-dimensional effort to split eternity into segments. It should be noted that we attempt even this apparent division only in terms of three-dimensional objects or events which actually are not even an illusory part of illusory time. We use the concept of time either as though it had entity in itself or as though it were a part of eternity. It is neither. It does not occur in eternity, which is non-time; and even in our material, three-dimensional world time is as phantasmagorical as the old concept that the sun rises and sets.

Eternity cannot be measured or used as a measure because it is all-pervasive and nondivisible. Time is our three-dimensional concept of the fourth dimension, eternity, and is so tangled up in the properties of the dimensions we know that we do not recognize it as the fourth dimension.

Eternity is indivisible and constant. It does not come toward us in the form of tomorrow or recede from us in the form of yesterday.

The concept which we call time is, however, in a constant state of flux or movement. Time flows past us as memory, before us as hope. In fact, even in our three-dimensional world, time has no property other than movement. Yet has this movement—which is all there is of time—any more actuality or reality than the apparent movement that our third dimension has for a creature capable only of two-dimensional concepts? Is it not possible that we see the fourth dimension of eternity as *time movement* just as the animal sees the solidity of the third dimension as the movement of a plane surface? Ouspensky analyzes the effect of the third dimension on an animal as follows:

Let us try to imagine how the animal perceives the objects of the outer world.

Suppose it is confronted with a *large disc*, and *simultaneously with a large sphere* of the same diameter.

Standing directly opposite them at a certain distance, the animal will see two circles. Beginning to walk around them, it will observe that the sphere remains a circle, while the disc gradually narrows, transforming itself into a narrow strip. On moving farther around, the strip begins to expand and gradually transforms itself into a circle. The sphere will not change during this circumambulation. But when the animal approaches toward it certain strange phenomena ensue.

We may declare with complete assurance that the sphericity will appear to the animal as a movement on the surface which it sees.

At this point I paused in my reading, with the question: How can Ouspensky speak with such assurance when it is impossible for an animal to describe to anyone how or what it sees? Later, I read a footnote in the book (pp. 99-100) about the difficulty in distinguishing the third dimension described by a seventeen-year-old boy who recovered his sight through an operation after a lifetime of blindness. He could not see the difference between a disk and a sphere even when they were placed side by side; likewise, a cube and a pyramid appeared to him to be a square and a triangle. When he was allowed to take the cube, sphere, and pyramid in his hands he at once identified these three-dimensional objects by his sense of touch and wondered very much that he was unable to perceive their solidity by sight. The reason for his failure was, of course, the fact

that physical sight—not only his but *all* physical sight, animal and human—can perceive length and breadth but lacks the perception of space, or depth, until the eyes have been trained by the mind to recognize *perspective*—a *mental* concept, not a physical property. To this boy with the restored sight, the human face seemed perfectly flat even though he knew—by the sense of touch when he was blind—that the nose protrudes and the eyes are set in cavities. But to his newly restored physical eyes—unused as yet to flashing and receiving messages to and from his brain—the human face appeared as flat as a drawing.

This actual experience, described by the boy, seemed to me to confirm Ouspensky's theories regarding the inability of animals to perceive the third dimension except as motion. The passage continues:

The animal can see an angle of a three-dimensional object only while moving past it, and during the time it takes, the object will seem to the animal to have turned—a new side has appeared, and the side first seen has disappeared or moved away.

Could the animal think about those phenomena which have not yet entered into its life (i.e., angles and curved surfaces) it would undoubtedly imagine them *in time only*; it could not prefigure for them any real existence at the present moment *when they have not yet appeared*. And were it able to express an opinion on this subject, it would say that angles exist *in potentiality*, that they *will be*, but that *they do not exist*.

I repeat: is it not possible that, as the animal sees our third dimension only as movement, we see the fourth dimension (eternity) only as a certain type of movement which we name time? In the analysis given below it is to be noted that Ouspensky analyzes our time-concept—or view of the fourth dimension—in very much the same terms that he uses in analyzing an animal's conception of solidity or the third dimension.

First of all let us analyze our relation toward the past, present and future. *Usually we think that the past already does not exist*. It has passed, disappeared, altered, transformed itself into something else. The future also does not exist—it does not exist *as yet*. It has not arrived, has not formed. By the present we mean the moment of transition of the future into the past, i.e., *the moment of transition of a phenomenon from one non-existence into another non-existence*.

Usually we take no account of this, and do not reflect that our customary view of time leads to utter absurdity.

Let us imagine a stupid traveller going from one city to another and half way between these two cities. A stupid traveller thinks that the city from which he has departed last week does not exist *now*: only the memory of it is left; the walls are ruined, the towers fallen, the inhabitants have either died or gone away. Also, that city at which he is destined to arrive in several days does not exist now either, but is being hurriedly built for his arrival, and on the day of that arrival will be ready, populated, and set in order, and on the day after his departure will be destroyed just as was the first one.

We are thinking of things in time exactly in this way—everything passes away, nothing returns! The spring has passed, it does not exist *still*. The autumn has not come, it does not exist *as yet*.

Time is a form of limitation. But, you say, we need it to define things for ourselves; without limits how can we have definition, form and shape? It is because we are limited beings that we need these definitions and limitations. But we are taking a step toward a wider horizon if we can understand that hours, days, years, etc., are not *real*; they are only arbitrary or imaginary as the equator is an imaginary line, the north pole, etc. Events that occurred yesterday, a hundred or a thousand years ago are not past in the sense that they have ceased to exist. As the preacher says in Ecclesiastes 3:15: "That which has been is now and that which is to be hath already been." As Ouspensky pointed out in the foregoing, past events do not cease to be when we have gone on beyond them nor do future events spring into being just because of our arrival. To quote from him further on this subject:

Persons who arrive in St. Petersburg from Moscow have passed through Tver. They are not at this station (Tver) any longer, but nevertheless it continues to exist. In the same manner, that moment of time corresponding to some event which has already passed—the beginning of life on earth, for example—has not disappeared, it exists still. It is not outlived by the universe, but only by the earth. (Quoted by Ouspensky from an address by Prof. N. A. Oumoff.)

Another form of limitation or partial realization to which we have become accustomed is the incomplete expression of ideas through

words which limit and often misrepresent instead of express thought. At their best, words are only fragments of thought. Perhaps they will not always be needed for communication between mind and mind; perhaps a form of communication as far advanced beyond words as words are beyond animal sounds will develop if we rid ourselves of the idea of limitation as radio has already rid itself of the belief that words must have wires on which to travel. Of course, direct communication between mind and mind is possible, not only ultimately but *now*.

And may not we humans ourselves be merely arbitrary images or edges or limits of *actual* beings? As we lose our sense of limitation of time, money, place, age, will we not expand this limited definition of ourselves? Age is a time-limit; death is a time-demarcation. Age is the chronic stage of time (or time-illness); death is its acute stage.

Ouspensky develops in extraordinarily illuminating fashion the idea of limited human perception, and quotes another writer on the same subject, as follows:

Here is another interesting example expressing the same idea, given by Mr. Leadbeater, the theosophical writer, in one of his books. If we touch the surface of a table with our finger tips, then upon the surface will be just five circles, and from this plane presentment it is impossible to construe any idea of the hand, and of the man to whom this hand belongs. Upon the table's surface will be five *separate* circles. How from them is it possible to imagine a man, with all the richness of his physical and spiritual life? It is impossible. Our relation to the four-dimensional world will be analogous to the relation of that consciousness which sees five circles upon the table to a *man*. We see just "finger tips"—to us the fourth dimension is inconceivable.

And what about the one we love who disappears from our sight in death? Is it not possible—no probable—that he or she, in losing his more limited sense of things, captures a clearer, completer sense, thereby ascending (or expanding) out of our sight into a more advanced dimension in which we ourselves may be *actually living* without the power to perceive it—and therefore without the power to perceive those who have advanced into it? Even in this physical world of three dimensions, science has proved that there are many colors at either end of the spectrum so intense that we cannot in our

present state perceive them. This is also true of sounds—not only are many undertones and overtones lost to our ears but tones at either end of the scale vibrate so rapidly or so slowly that we cannot hear them even though it is a proven fact that dogs hear some of the tones to which humans are completely deaf.

The very fact that the science of mathematics exists in and can at least in part be comprehended by our three-dimensional world is even more compelling evidence that in a very real sense, as Shakespeare said: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Or, if you prefer the Bible, there is this from Hebrews: "Through faith we understand that . . . the things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." But this "faith" is *reason*, reason as logical as that needed for the higher mathematics referred to by Ouspensky in the following passage:

Mathematics transcends the limits of our world, and penetrates into a world unknown. . . . Mathematics goes ahead of our thought, ahead of our power of imagination and perception. *Even now* it is engaged in calculating relations which we cannot imagine or comprehend.

Many centuries ago the Bible stated the great truth: "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Each one of us is only a lesser or greater individualization of the true substance of the Universe which some call Mind or God or Principle or Force, or whatever you prefer to name the reality of which this earth and original protoplasm—or, in a word, matter—is the physical shadow. We have been told by the physicists that matter or energy—in spite of seeming destruction by fire, explosion, disintegration, decay, etc.—is indestructible; that it simply goes through processes of transmutation or transformation slowly or quickly but always *remains* matter or energy.

If that is true of the shadow which we call matter, must it not be much more true of the substance which we call intelligence or thought? Even the most determined materialist cannot deny that there is an essence, an individualization that mere matter cannot account for. And if matter cannot be destroyed in its fundamental quality, how much less destructible is that substance which matter itself cannot destroy—that cannot be destroyed *by* or *with* matter.

Ouspensky writes:

We ought always to remember that our entire three-dimensional world does not exist in reality. It is a creation of our imperfect senses, the result of their imperfection. This is not *the world* but merely that which we see of the world. The three-dimensional world—this is the four-dimensional world observed through the narrow slit of our senses.

A moment of life, i.e., a body as we know it in the three-dimensional world, is a point on an infinite line.

We cannot comprehend this infinite magnitude. We comprehend always its *sections only*.

To paraphrase Ouspensky slightly: the bodies we mistakenly identify as ourselves or others do not really exist; they are only the *sections* of that four-dimensional body we cannot see on this three-dimensional plane. And when these sections or fragments of reality which we call ourselves are confronted by intimations of immortality or the suspicion that there is more to life than meets the human eye, they are uneasy. They may be compared to the two-dimensional table top which might suspect that the five circles of the fingertips that rest upon it are not all there is of man—that man is much more than touches the two-dimensional plane of the table top. But we can leave to the imagination the unhappy frame of mind of the table top that is reluctant to go beyond the five circles that meets its two-dimensional senses and speculate upon the existence of so complex a marvel as a human being.

As three-dimensional beings, however, it is well for us to bear in mind Ouspensky's warning:

Let us also remember that the world as we know it does not represent anything stable. It must change with the slightest change in the forms of our knowledge. Phenomena which appear to us as unrelated can be seen by some other more inclusive consciousness as parts of a single whole.

My mother's going has made me realize for the first time how many lovely people have lived in this world for a while and have gone on beyond our sight. Of course a lot of not-so-lovely people have gone on, too, but it seems to me that an evil person is merely one who sees this world in an even more limited and distorted sense



than those whom we call good people. All of us, evil or good, inevitably will lose some of the distortion and limitation of our thinking as we move into an added dimension. Evil thinking and therefore evil persons result from false, limited views of *sections* of life instead of life itself. To see life clearly and see it whole, in the actual infinite sense, is the work of eternity. But even in this human existence we may sometime be able to realize the coincidence of both worlds, of here and there, of now and forever, of yesterday and tomorrow, of time and eternity.

# B · O · O · K · S

## A CHAMPION OF DEMOCRATIC IDEALS

AMBASSADOR DODD'S DIARY, 1933-1938. Edited by William E. Dodd, Jr., and Martha Dodd. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1941. Pp. xvi, 464. \$3.50.

This volume is of prime importance for the light it casts on the background of the present war and upon the career of a distinguished son of the South. Prior to his appointment as ambassador to Germany, the late William E. Dodd had won recognition as one of America's foremost historians. He had written many fine books, nearly all of which dealt with the history of the South and with Southern democratic leaders, including Woodrow Wilson. A staunch advocate of Jeffersonian liberalism, he had studied in Germany and possessed a sympathetic understanding of the German people. Roosevelt selected him in the hope that he might improve relations with Hitler's Reich and lend encouragement to German moderates in checking the development of extreme Nazi policies.

Dodd soon realized the hopelessness of his mission and clearly foresaw the approaching catastrophe of war. His diary is replete with information regarding Germany's preparations for conflict, her diplomatic moves, and the anxieties of European powers. It shows vividly the failure of the democracies, under the influence of British tutelage, to co-operate or to act effectively in face of the Nazi menace. The various phases of appeasement—British and foreign assistance in Germany's rearmament program, acquiescence in various treaty violations, inadequate measures in regard to the Ethiopian and Spanish wars, approval of the militarization of the Rhineland, a supine attitude toward the spread of German alliances—all these are authoritatively detailed and criticized. Numerous arresting conversations are recorded, such as the following statement attributed to the British ambassador in Berlin, June 23, 1937: "Germany must dominate the Danube-Balkan zone, which means she is to dominate Europe. England and her Empire is to dominate the seas along with the United States. England and Germany must come into close relations, economic and political, and control the world."

Dodd was not happy in Berlin. Holding Hitler in great horror, especially after the purge of June, 1934, he declined to be in his presence except when absolutely necessary. His pleasant contacts with German scholars and liberals were experienced in an atmosphere darkened by the shadow of fear of the secret police. His simple, democratic taste and sane

judgment rebelled at the artificiality, pretense, extravagance, and ineptitude of diplomatic life. After spending a futile, tiresome evening at a diplomatic social function, he would rejoice in the quiet of his home and perhaps indulge in a glass of milk and a stewed peach before going to bed. Doubtless his candor and simplicity tended to cause friction with his associates at the embassy. Apparently his suggestions on policy often found little favor with the Department of State. In the diary are many criticisms of the foreign service system and of some prominent officials, Welles and Bullitt among them. While realizing that much remains to be told, the discerning reader must admire Dodd's forthright championship of democratic ideals and reflect that, in general, events have served to vindicate his position.

G. LEIGHTON LAFUZE.

### THE TWO BARTRAMS

JOHN AND WILLIAM BARTRAM, BOTANISTS AND EXPLORERS. By Ernest Earnest. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1940. Pp. vi, 187. \$2.00.

With the passing of time, the intellectual brilliance of eighteenth-century Pennsylvania shines out with undiminished luster—a luster which Americans may gaze upon with pride, as they may also lament that “that which once was great is passed away.” Much of the illumination was furnished, of course, by Franklin, but he should not be allowed to obscure—and he certainly would not have wished to do so—the Bartrams, John and his son William.

Mr. Earnest's joint biography records the happy continuity in the labors of father and son. John supplied plants to Linnaeus and his disciples and to a distinguished group of wealthy plant-collectors. He also pioneered in the realms of taxonomy and the sexuality of plants. Altogether his talents seem to warrant Linnaeus' praise that he was the “greatest natural botanist in the world”—an ambiguous compliment but, any way you take it, a high one.

William's scientific triumphs were largely those of the field naturalist. But he was no common peeper and botanizer. His most successful book, his *Travels*, is notable for its additions to knowledge, not only in botany, but also in ornithology and Indian anthropology and archaeology. Destiny brought to this work a renown beyond the borders of science, through its influence upon Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Chateaubriand. The European reception of the *Travels* can be gauged by the number of editions which appeared within the ten years following publication: two in Eng-

land; one in Ireland, in Germany, and in Holland; and two in France. The matter of Bartram's European influence has been treated in Professor Lowe's *The Road to Xanadu* and at greater length in N. B. Fagin's *William Bartram: Interpreter of the American Landscape*.

The present book, designed for the general reader, attempts not so much the addition of new facts as the enlargement of our understanding of the Bartrams. This task the author accomplishes agreeably and informatively, especially in the chapters on William, which form the greater part of the work. Here as elsewhere, it is a striking truth that William invariably inspires in his commentators an almost boundless enthusiasm. Every reader of the *Travels* will know why, for there the authentic spirit of the man is plainly revealed: his simplicity, humanity, integrity, and, not to be overlooked, his courage. The heroism of the American frontier did not expend itself solely in killing Indians: science, too, had its heroes. In the gallant company of scientific explorers—Lewis, Clark, Audubon, Wilson, and many others—no one had gifts more suited to his task than William Bartram. The very luxuriance of his style seems the perfect expression of a mind which felt the full impact of the wonders which were disclosed to his delighted gaze.

In reading Mr. Earnest's appreciative book, one is aware that there are gaps still remaining in our knowledge of the Bartrams. American scholarship should not long postpone a deeper delving into the lives and achievements of these fine servants of humanity.

LEWIS PATTON.

#### AN ELIZABETHAN THEME

ELIZABETHAN REVENGE TRAGEDY 1587-1692. By Fredson Thayer Bowers. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1940. Pp. 288. \$3.00.

Here is another careful and admirable study dedicated to the late George Lyman Kittredge. For the popular reader *Hamlet* is the example of revenge tragedy most readily recalled. Shakespeare had been preceded in the type by Marlowe and especially Kyd. The latter laid down the prevailing pattern which others imitated, developed, or departed from. Inspiration was found in both Senecan tragedy and Italian *novelle* and history. The treatment of the theme was constantly qualified by the Elizabethan public view that vengeance is the Lord's. Up to about 1607, a date for Tourneur's *Revenger's Tragedy*, revenge was partly, if not entirely, justifiable as a punishment for genuine injury provided the means were open or honorable. Then till 1620 only the villain sought revenge,

and he usually by foul methods. During the third decade a series of plays attacked the problem of the morality of revenge at a time when King James was firm against dueling, and general sentiment urged that the law should decide. From 1631 to the closing of the theaters came imitations of earlier plays of revenge, treated without particular emphasis on ideals—a period mostly of decadence, except for the capacity of Shirley. The type thus was maintained long after the tragedies of Webster.

The analysis is acute. Professor Bowers shows how the fundamental theme of revenge is qualified by other contemporary themes, such as the divine right of kings and Machiavellianism. The thorough treatment of the topic should afford a firm structure for a share in the syntheses that it is to be hoped can be made out of the various special studies of drama and the history of ideas. In the overlapping ground of concepts lie possibly dubious interpretations of the material—the problems to be solved by further studies. Thus it may be thought that the author strains somewhat to regard *The Duchess of Malfi* as a tragedy of revenge rather than as a tragedy of *virtù*, which is illustrative of a phase of the doctrine of the Golden Mean or which is even illumination of personalities. Similarly the last acts of Evadne in *The Maid's Tragedy* may be more plausibly explained than as deeds to save the ethical face of Melantius before the public. Contrariwise aspects of revenge which are not considered occur in such plays as *King Lear* and *Macbeth*. Are Edgar and Macduff punished in spite of defensible avenging of wrong? Are they simply executing judgment for the state which is divine? Again with respect to the Machiavellian villain and the Elizabethan audience, he may have resorted to "relatively petty and treacherous intrigues" (though Iago's behavior contrived to heighten the grandeur of *Othello*), but Henry IV and Octavius in Shakespeare, as well as Tiberius in Jonson, appear oddly as forms of Machiavellian hero, or ruler. These suggestions as to the scope of the tragedy of revenge do not count against the present study, but break ground for the larger field of concepts eventually to be explored in conjunction with it.

EDGAR C. KNOWLTON.

### DEFICIT FINANCING

FISCAL POLICY AND BUSINESS CYCLES. By Alvin H. Hansen. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1941. Pp. 462. \$3.75.

Following the lead of John Maynard Keynes, several economists have developed in recent years a new approach to the problems of economic stability and progress. They write not so much of unemployment as of

the conditions of full employment; further, they think less in terms of credit fluctuations and give greater attention to secular, long-run happenings in the economic world. In short, they emphasize the savings-investment process, and insist upon an analysis of this process as affording the only sound explanation of maladjustment in the economic system.

Notable among the exponents of the new economics in America is Professor Alvin H. Hansen of Harvard. In an earlier work, *Full Recovery or Stagnation?*, he sought to explain the depression in terms of the want of adequate private investment outlets; his conclusion was a brief for larger public expenditures. This same theme is developed again in the new book; this time, however, greater use is made of statistical data, and the analyses based thereon are more refined and elaborate. Leaving aside the technical details, Professor Hansen's thesis is as follows.

The key to economic well-being (full employment of resources) is to be found in the volume of net investment (capital formation) taking place in the economy. Net investment is the gross investment less what is spent to replace existing productive facilities; it is therefore investment that enlarges the productive capacity of the economy. Whereas replacement outlays are financed by consumers through the prices they pay for goods—these prices including the costs of depreciation, wear and tear—and thus have no pronounced effect on the level of national income, outlays on net investment, however, are financed out of net savings and do determine the size of the national income. The volume of net savings, in turn, is determined by the propensity to save and the size of the national income. During the prosperous years 1923-1929 we saved at the rate of about 12 per cent of the national income. So long as these funds were put to use by absorption in net investment outlays, our economy remained prosperous. A high level of consumption was maintained, but this was not the cause of the large net investment; on the contrary, it was rather the effect. When net investment declined, there followed a decline of employment, income, and less rapidly, consumption. What made the machine tick was, therefore, the amount of net investment—capital formation. The boom, writes Professor Hansen, is "a gigantic spurt in capital formation." The spurt sooner or later spends itself, and when it does there is depression of trade and industry. Assuming no governmental intervention, capital formation, that is, net investment, must begin anew before there will be recovery to a higher level of income. Stated in another way, periods of prosperity are had only when there is overall expansion in the economy. The problem thus resolves itself into one of examining the determinants of net investment.

Investment is of two types, intensive and extensive. Intensive invest-

ment occurs when new processes, new products, and new machines are developed; e.g., when there is an advance in technology. The new channels of production and the improvement of the old ones supply outlets for net investment. Extensive investment is the result of population growth, expansion into new territory, and the development of new resources. These, then, are the mainsprings of economic progress, proof of which is to be had from even a cursory survey of our economic past. These outlets have made possible an enlarged volume of net investment, affording a larger national income, a larger volume of saving, which again has flowed into the outlets as further net investment. The expansion, however, has not been steady and sustained; it has been jerky, spasmodic, and by spurts. The availability of outlets has been the determining factor. In the absence of these outlets, the economy becomes stagnant, if not stationary.

It is the reasoned conviction of Professor Hansen that today the outlets are in large measure lacking. To quote him, "The problem of our generation is, above all, the problem of inadequate private investment outlets." To support this view, he cites the declining rate of population growth and the lack of new territory and new resources awaiting development. These were, he writes, the agencies responsible for upwards of one-half the capital formation during the nineteenth century. Not having these now, we are left with intensive expansion as the main support of private investment; but given our rate of saving at high levels of income, intensive investment is quite insufficient to provide full employment. Accordingly, "A way must be found to raise consumption independently of the autonomous investment process." This way is open through the avenue of governmental expenditures. The government must not only spend more, but do it constantly; for if one large outlay (deficit in effect) is not followed by another, the economy relapses into a depression. In short, fiscal policy is to be "an instrument for maximising the real income of the community and for regulating the distribution of income and wealth." Income and not property is to be socialized. But this is not to say that all private investment will cease; there will remain so much of it as is made possible by technological progress.

It is not possible in the compass of this review to give more than a brief summary of Professor Hansen's findings, much less to appraise them. Suffice it to say that he has written ably and cogently in support of his thesis that there must be a fiscal policy geared to meet the presumed deficiency of net private investment. That net investment is a highly important cog in the engine of economic progress, few will deny; this



is, after all, largely a question of fact, the answer to which can be had from the record. But the problem of investment outlets—whether they are now largely lacking—is not so readily solved. It is in good measure a matter of one's judgment, and disagreement is to be expected. Now that we are confronted with a national emergency, attention is focused upon other problems. There is no dearth of outlets now. The crucial question is how can we control the expansion so as to avoid inflation. This, too, is discussed by Professor Hansen.

HAROLD H. HUTCHESON.

### GENTLER VIRTUES

THE QUALITY OF MERCY. By Grace H. Macurdy. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1940. Pp. 185. \$2.00.

This volume is one of the publications issued in celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Vassar College and in honor of President MacCracken. It constitutes a careful and convenient study of the gentler virtues in Greek literature from Homer (and his predecessors) to the time of the New Testament. The author wished to offer evidence against "the belief that the Greeks were 'not humane by instinct' and that their feeling for mercy and pity was greatly inferior to that of modern man." In a sense it is an odd circumstance that critics and historians in the last hundred years should have been so presumptuous and even insolent as to patronize the Greeks on the score of mercy or so blind in their interpretations of Herodotus, Thucydides, and others. Professor Macurdy's method is to trace the use of the special words signifying the virtues or abstractions (and corresponding vices) related to temperance, pity, shame, goodness, justice, and also to point out passages in which the individual writer's attitude emerges in addition to the depiction of deed and character. Her own sensitive response to behavior indicates that she must have kept many pertinent examples in reserve. She makes admirable remarks on Solon, Theognis, Aeschylus, Aristotle, the Attic orators, Menander, and the Platonic Socrates in relation to primary Christian teaching. Perhaps more might have been cited from the Greek lyric poets, including the epigrams which suggest so much that they do not utter. A better case might have been presented for Pindar and Sophocles, if it had been recalled that in nature or life there is an aspect of storm, of hard rock, which cannot be entirely explained on a purely reasonable and human ethical basis. This fact is obvious and yet mysterious. The paradoxes as of balance and violence, implacable physical order and divine mercy and grace, are faced likewise by Aeschylus and Euripides, and their solution, so far

as it is one, is less rational than religious. It belongs to the field of a higher reason, an evidence of experience and not of everyday logical proof.

EDGAR C. KNOWLTON.

#### NEGRO EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH, 1862-1870

THE NORTHERN TEACHER IN THE SOUTH, 1862-1870. By Henry Lee Swint. Nashville, Tennessee: Vanderbilt University Press, 1941. Pp. ix, 221. \$2.50.

This book reports a careful piece of research which covers a neglected phase of the sectional controversy. The author has presented a new and fascinating aspect of the social history of the South in a spirit of impartiality which is characteristic of sound scholarship.

During and after the Civil War the armed conflict was followed by a war of propaganda which undertook to change the political and social attitudes of the disaffected elements in the South. Schools for freedmen were organized by the Federal Government in co-operation with the philanthropic and benevolent associations of the North. The teachers who followed the Union armies into conquered territory came with a missionary spirit to prepare the freedmen and their children for citizenship and to indoctrinate them with the social philosophy of the new order. Since both the Northern radicals and the Southern whites recognized the importance of controlling the vote of the new citizens, the educational conflict paralleled the political contest in bitterness and violence. During the period of radical reconstruction the Northern teachers had the moral support of the armies of occupation. This gave them a temporary advantage in the more or less peaceful conflict which raged around the newly established schools for Negroes.

Through a study of the attitudes, beliefs, and backgrounds of the officers of the Northern associations which supported and conducted the schools and of the teachers themselves, the author undertakes to determine the social philosophy which the schools represented. He finds that many of the officers of the associations were motivated by religious and humanitarian impulses but that the political and economic values of educating the ex-slaves were recognized by both the supporting public of the North and by the leaders of the movement. From his investigation of the background and experiences of the leaders of educational associations and of the teachers who went South, Dr. Swint concludes that the philosophy back of this educational movement was mainly abolitionist, equalitarian, and individualist. This missionary movement, which undertook to transform the whole lump of Southern ignorance and prejudice, was largely

a continuation of the abolitionist crusade which had originated in New England during the first half of the nineteenth century.

It would be expecting too much of human nature to imagine that the defeated Southern whites would welcome such a zealous, fanatic group of missionaries who came into their midst, preaching social equality for the ex-slaves and undertaking to establish the political and social dominance of the Negro race. In the beginning the Northern teachers found the whites of the South cold and suspicious, but not bitter, toward them. When the full import of the movement came to be understood by the secessionists, "the Northern teacher was socially ostracized, insulted, persecuted, and, in many cases, forced to abandon his school."

The author raises but does not give a categorical answer to this important question: "Is it possible that both Southerner and Northerner agreed on the desirability of educating the Negro, and that each wished to direct such education?" He does show that there was among leaders in the South a strong opinion in favor of giving the freedmen an education which would indoctrinate them with the kind of social and political attitudes which the South favored. Teaching in a Negro school was not considered a disgraceful occupation for white men and women, and many Southern whites were engaged in such work. He concludes thus:

Nor was the violent reaction of the Southern people directed primarily at Negro education. The South was universally opposed to the education of the Negro by radical abolitionists from the North. Both groups understood the importance of the "Yankee schoolmarm" as a means of controlling the vote of the new citizens, and thus the education of the Negro became a point of conflict in the reconstruction of the South.

Dr. Swint has had access to material not hitherto utilized by the historian and has presented a completely documented report. Since the study is merely an examination of the genesis of a movement and an introduction to a number of more intensive investigations, students of the Reconstruction period will find the extensive footnotes and thorough bibliography very useful.

JOHN W. CARR, JR.

#### RULES OF PROCEDURE

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEDURE. By Floyd M. Riddick. Boston: Chapman and Grimes, 1941. Pp. xvii, 387. \$4.00.

The rules of procedure by which the Congress of the United States performs its functions are exceedingly complex. The legislative and political significance of this system of procedure is of the utmost importance

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in the effective working of democracy. Dr. Riddick has here provided his readers with a usable volume for reference. Contemporary rules and methods of Congressional procedure are made easily accessible and are explained in the light of their historical evolution. The volume will be useful, not only to students and teachers of political science, but also to the general reader who desires a better understanding of the workings of the American Congress.

PAUL H. CLYDE.



